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COMIC DRAMAS,

IN

THREE ACTS.

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IN

THREE ACTS.

By MARIA EDGEWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF FASHIONABLE LIFE,"

&c. &c.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR R. HUNTER,
SUCCESSOR TO MR. JOHNSON, 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.
AND BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,
47, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1817.

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J. M'Creery, Printer,
Black-Horse-Court, London.

PREFACE.

SEVERAL of Miss Edgeworth's friends have, at various times, urged her to write for the stage. Among the rest, Mr. Thomas Sheridan invited her, at his father's desire, to write for Drury-Lane. He accompanied this invitation with such excellent advice and criticism upon theatrical compositions, upon the present taste of the public, and upon the powers of the principal actors, as would have been of the highest use to her, had she complied with his invitation.

This application was renewed in London, by the late Mr. Sheridan himself, in such a manner, as nearly to overcome the distrust which Miss Edgeworth felt of her talents for such an attempt. She was, however, aware of the wide difference that there is between the exhibition of character in a Tale and in a Comedy. In the one, there is room for that detail of small circumstances, and for that gradual developement of sentiments and incident, which make us acquainted with the persons whose adventures are related, and which insensibly interest us in the fable.

On the contrary, in the Comedy, the characters must be shewn by strong and sudden lights, the sentiments must be condensed; and nothing that requires slow reflection can be admitted.—The audience must see, hear, feel, and understand at once. Overawed by these considerations, Miss Edgeworth has declined to risk a bolder flight. But encouraged by her father, without venturing on the stage, she publishes the following little Comic Dramas, to feel her way in this new career. Her failure in such an humble attempt cannot be attended with much disgrace, as it is made with real humility.

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH.

Edgeworthstown,
First of May, 1817.

LOVE AND LAW;

A Drama,

IN

THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

MR. CARVER, of Bob's Fort	*A Justice of the Peace in Ireland.*
OLD MATTHEW M‘BRIDE	*A rich Farmer.*
PHILIP M‘BRIDE	*His Son.*
RANDAL ROONEY	*Son of the Widow Catherine Rooney—a Lover of Honor M‘Bride.*
MR. GERALD O'BLANEY	*A Distiller.*
PATRICK COXE	*Clerk to Ger. O'Blaney.*

WOMEN.

MRS. CARVER	*Wife of Mr. Carver.*
MISS BLOOMSBURY	*A fine London Waiting-maid of Mrs. Carver's.*
MRS. CATHERINE ROONEY; *commonly called* CATTY ROONEY	*A Widow—Mother of Randal Rooney.*
HONOR M‘BRIDE	*Daughter of Matthew M‘Bride, and Sister of Philip M‘Bride.*

A Justice's Clerk—a Constable—Witnesses—and two Footmen.

Love and Law.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Cottage.—Honor M'Bride, *alone.*

A Table—Breakfast.

Honor. PHIL!—(*calls*)—Phil! dear! come out.

Phil. (*Answers from within.*) Wait till I draw on my boots!

Honor. Oh, I may give it up! He's full of his new boots—and singing, see!

Enter Phil M'Bride *(dressed in the height of the Irish buck-farmer fashion—singing)*,

" Oh the boy of Ball'navogue!
" Oh the dasher! oh the rogue!
" He's the thing! and he's the pride
" Of town and country, Phil M'Bride—
" All the talk of shoe and brogue!
" Oh the boy of Ball'navogue!"

There's a song to the praise and glory of your—of your brother, Honor—and who made it, do you think, girl?

Honor. Miss Caroline Flaherty, no doubt.—But, dear Phil, I've a favor to ask of you.

Phil. And welcome! What?—But first, see! is'nt there an elegant pair of boots, that fits a leg like wax?—There's what'll plase Car'line Flaherty, I'll engage.—But what ails you, Honor?—you look as if your own heart was like to break.—Are not you for the fair to-day?—and why not?

Honor. Oh rasons!—(*Aside*). Now I can't speak.

Phil. Speak on, for I'm dumb and all ear—speak up, dear—no fear of the father's coming out, for he's leaving his *bird* (i. e. beard) in the bason, and that's a work of time with him.—Tell all to your own Phil.

Honor. Why then I wont go to the fair—because—better keep myself to myself, out of the way of meeting them that might n't be too plasing to my father.

Phil. And might be too plasing to somebody else—Honor M'Bride.

Honor. Oh Phil, dear!—But only—promise me brother, dearest—if you would this day meet any of the Rooneys—

Phil. That means Randal Rooney.

Honor. No, it was his mother Catty was in my head.

Phil. A bitterer scould never was!—nor a bigger lawyer in petticoats, which is an abomination.

Honor. 'Tis not pritty, I grant; but her heart's good, if her temper would give it fair play.—But will you promise me, Phil, whatever she says—you won't let her provoke you this day.

Phil. How in the name of wonder will I hinder her to give me provocation; and when the spirit of the M'Brides is up——

Honor. But don't lift a hand.

Phil. Against a woman?—no fear—not a finger against a woman.

Honor. But I say not against any Rooney, man or woman.—Oh Phil! dear, don't let there be any fighting betwixt the M'Bride and Rooney factions.

Phil. And how could I hinder if I would?—the boys will be having a row, especially when they get the spirits—and all the better.

Honor. To be drinking!—Oh! Phil, the mischief that drinking does!

Phil. Mischief!—Quite and clane the contrary—when the shillelah's up, the pike's down.—'Tis when there'd be no fights at fairs, and all sober, then there's rason to dread mischief.—No man, Honor, dare be letting the whiskey into his head, was there any mischief in his heart.

Honor. Well, Phil, you've made it out now cliverly.—So there's most danger of mischief when men's sober.—Is that it?

Phil. Irishmen?—aye.—For sobriety is not the nat'ral state of the *craturs*, and what's not nat'ral is hypocritical, and a hypocrite is, and was, and ever will be my contempt.

Honor. And mine too.—But——

Phil. But here's my hand for you, Honor.—They call me a beau and a buck, a slasher and dasher, and flourishing Phil—all that I am—may be—but there's one thing I am not, and will never be—and that's a bad brother to you.—So you have my honor, and here's my oath to the back of it. By all the pride of man, and all the vanity of woman—where will you find a bigger oath?—happen what will, this day, I'll not lift my hand against Randal Rooney.

Honor. O [illegible]anks! warm from the heart.—But here's my father—and where's breakfast?

Phil. Oh I must be at him for a horse—you, Honor, mind and back me.

Enter Old M‘Bride.

Old M‘B. Late I am this fair day all along with my beard, that was thicker than a hedgehog's.—Breakfast, where?—

Honor. Here, father dear—all ready.

Old M‘B. There's a jewel! always supple o' foot.—Phil, call to them to bring out the horse bastes, while I swallow my breakfast—and a good one too.

Phil. Your horse is all ready standing, sir—But that's what I wanted to ax you, father—will you be kind enough, sir, to shell out for me the price of a *deecent* horse, fit to mount a man like me.

Old M‘B. What ails the baste you have under you always.

Phil. Fit only for the hounds:—not to follow, but to feed 'em.

Old M‘B. Hounds! I don't want you, Phil, to be following the hounds at-all-at-all.

Honor. But let alone the hounds. If you sell your bullocks well in the fair to day, father dear, I think you'll be so kind to spare Phil the price of a horse.

Old M'B. Stand out of o' my way, Honor, with that wheedling voice o' your own.—I wont—Mind your own affairs—your leaguing again me, and I'll engage Randal Rooney's at the bottom of all—and the cement that sticks you and Phil so close together. But mind, madam Honor, if you give him the meeting at the fair the day—

Honor. Dear father, I'm not going—I give up the fair o' purpose, for fear I'd see him.

Old M'B. (*Kissing her.*) Why then you're a piece of an angel.

Honor. And you'll give my brother the horse.

Old M'B. I won't—when I've said I won't—I won't.

(*Buttons his coat, and Exit.*)

Phil. Now there's a sample of a father for ye!

Old M'B. (*Returning.*)—And, mistress Honor, may be you'd be staying at home to——Where's Randal Rooney 'to be, pray, while I'd be from home?

Honor. Oh father, would you suspect—

Old M'B. (*Catching her in his arms, and kissing her again and again.*) Then your a true angel, every inch of you. But not a word more in favour of the horse—sure the money for the bullocks shall go to your portion, every farthing.

Honor. There's the thing!—(*Holding her father.*) I don't wish that.

Phil. (*Stopping her mouth.*) Say no more, Honor—I'm best pleased so.

Old M'B. (*Aside.*) I'll give him the horse, but he shan't know it. (*Aloud.*) I won't.—When I say I won't, did I ever? (*Exit Old M'Bride.*)

Phil. Never since the world *stud*—to do you justice, you are as obstinate as a mule. Not all the bullocks he's carrying to the fair the day, nor all the bullocks in Ballynavogue joined [illegible], in one team, would draw that father o' mine one inch out of his way.

Honor. (*Aside, with a deep sigh.*) Oh, then what will I do about Randal ever!

Phil. As close a fisted father as ever had the grip of a guinea! If the guineas was all for you—wilcome, Honor! But that's not it.—Pity of a lad o' spirit like me to be cramped by such a hunx of a father.

Honor. Oh don't be calling him names, Phil—stiff he is, more than close—and any way, Phil dear, he's the father still—and ould consider!

Phil. He is—and I'm fond enough of him too, would he only give me the price of a horse. But no matter—spite of him I'll have my swing the day, and it's I that will tear away with a good horse under me and a good whip over him in a capital style, up and down the street of Ballynavogue, for you, Miss Car'line Flaherty!—I know who I'll go to, this minute—a man I'll engage will lend me the loan of his bay gelding—an that's Counshillor Gerald O'Blaney.

(*Going*, Honor *stops him.*)

Honor. Gerald O'Blaney! Oh brother!—Mercy!—Don't!—any thing rather than that—

Phil. (*Impatiently.*) Why then, Honor?

Honor. (*Aside.*) If I'd tell him, there'd be mischief. (*Aloud.*) Only—I wouldn't wish you under a compliment to one I've no opinion of.

Phil. Phoo!—you've taken a prejudice—what is there again Counshillor O'Blaney.

Honor. *Counshillor!* First place, why do you call him *counshillor*—he never was a raal counshillor sure—nor jantleman at all.

Phil. Oh counshillor by courtesy! He was an attorney once—just as we *doctor* the apothecary.

Honor. But, Phil, was not there something of this man's being dismissed the courts for too sharp practice?

Phil. But that was long ago, if it ever was.—There's sacrets in all families, to be forgotten—bad to be raking the past.—I never knew you so sharp on a neighbor, Honor, before:—What ails ye?

Honor. (*Sighing.*) I can't tell ye.— (*Still holding him.*)

Phil. Let me go then!—Nonsense!—the boys of Ballynavogue will be wondering, and Miss Car'line most.

(*Exit, singing,*)

"Oh! the boys of Ball'navogue."

Honor, *alone.*

Honor. O Phil! I *could* not tell it you; but did you but know how *that* Gerald O'Blaney insulted your shister with his vile proposhals, you'd no more ask the loan of his horse!—and I in dread whenever I'd be left in the house alone—that that bad man would boult in upon me—and Randal to find him! and Randal's like gunpowder when his heart's touched!—and if Randal should come *by himself*, worse agai[illegible]or, where would be your resolution to forbid him your presence? Then there's but one way to be right, I'll lave home entirely. Down, proud stomach! You must go to service, Honor M'Bride!—There's Mrs. Carver, kind-hearted lady, is wanting a girl—she's English, and nice; may be I'd not be good enough—But I can but try, and do my best; any thing to plase the father. (*Exit* Honor.)

SCENE II.

O'Blaney's Counting-House.

Gerald O'Blaney *(alone at a Desk covered with Papers).*

O'Bla. Of all the employments in *life*, this eternal balancing of accounts, see-saw, is the most sickening of all things, except it would be the taking the inventory of your stock, when you're reduced to *invent* the stock itself;—then that's the most lowering to a man of all things! But there's one comfort [illegible] this dis business—come what will, a man has always *proof spirits.*

Enter Pat Coxe.

Pat. The whole tribe of Connaught men come, craving to be ped for the oats, counsellor, due since last Serapht* fair.

O'Bla. Can't be *ped* to day, let 'em crave never so.—Tell 'em *Monday;* and give 'em a glass of whiskey round, and that will send 'em off contint, in a jerry.

Pat. I shall—I will—I see, Sir.

(*Exit* Pat Coxe.)

O'Bla. Asy settled that!—but I hope many more duns for oats won't be calling on me this day, for cash is not to be had:—here's bills plinty—long bills, and short bills—but even the kites which I can fly as well as any man, won't raise the wind for me now.

Re-enter Pat.

Pat. Tim M'Gudriken, Sir, for his

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wors[illegible] Shrovetide.

debt—and talks of the sub-sheriff, and can't wait.—

O'Bla. I don't ax him to wait—but he must take in payment, since he's in such a hurry, this bill at thirty-one days, tell him.

Pat. I shall tell him so, plase your Honor. (*Exit* Pat.)

O'Bla. They have all rendezvous'd to drive me mad this day; but the only thing is to keep the head cool.—What I'm dreading beyant all, is, if that ould Matthew M'Bride, who is as restless as a ferret when he has lodged money with any one, should come this day to take out of my hands the two hundred pounds I've got of his—Oh then I might shut up. But stay, I'll match him—and I'll match myself too—that daughter Honor of his is a might [illegible] to look at, and since I can [illegible] any other way, why not ax her [illegible]age. Her portion is to be——

Re-enter Pat.

Pat. The protested note, Sir—with

the charge of the protest to the back of it, from Mrs. Lorigan; and her compliments, and to know what will she do?

O'Bla. What will *I* do, fitter to ax.—*My* kind compliments to Mrs. Lorigan, and I'll call upon her in the course of the day, to settle it all.

Pat. I understand, Sir. (*Exit* Pat.)

O'Bla. Honor M'Bride's portion will be five hundred pounds on the nail—that would be no bad hit, and she a good clever likely girl.—I'll pop the question this day.

Re-enter Pat.

Pat. Corkeran the cooper's bill, as long as my arm.

O'Bla. Oh! don't be bothering me any more.—Have you no sinse?—Can't you get shut of Corkeran the cooper without me?—Can't ye quarrel with the items—tear the bill down the middle if necessary, and sind him away with a *flay* (flea) in his ear to make out a proper bill—which I can't see till to-morrow, mind. I never pay any man on fair-day.

Pat. (*Aside.*) Nor on any other day. (*Aloud.*)—Corkeran's my cousin, counsellor, and if convanient, I'd be glad you'd advance him a pound or two on account?

O'Bla. 'Tis not convanient, was he twenty times your cousin, Pat.—I can't be paying in bits, nor on account—all or none.

Pat. None, then, I may tell him, Sir?

O'Bla. You may—you must; and don't come up for any of 'em any more—It's hard if I can't have a minute to talk to myself.

Pat. And its hard if I can't have a minute to eat my breakfast too, which I have not. (*Exit* Pat.)

O'Bla. Where was I—I was popping the question to Honor M'Bride.—The only thing is, whether the girl herself wouldn't have an objection:—there's that Randal Rooney is a great *bachelor* of her's, and I doubt she'd meant to prefar him before me, even when I'd purpose marriage.—But the families of the Rooneys and M‘Brides is at vareance—then I must keep 'em so.—I'll keep Catty Rooney's spirit up, niver to consent to that match.—Oh! if them Rooneys and M‘Brides were by any chance to make it up, I'd be undone—but against that catastrophe, I've a *preventative*.—Pat Coxe!—Pat Coxe! where are you, my young man?

Enter Pat *(wiping his mouth).*

Pat. Just swallowing my breakfast.

O'Bla. Mighty long swallowing you are.—Here—don't be two minutes, till you're at Catty Rooney's, and let me see how cliverly you'll execute that confidential embassy I trusted you with.—Touch Catty up about her ould antient family, and all the kings of Ireland she comes from.—*Blarnay* her cliverly, and work her to a foam against the M‘Brides.

Pat. Never fear, your honor.—I'll tell her the story we agreed on, of Honor

M'Bride meeting of Randal Rooney behind the chapel.

O'Bla. That will do—don't forget the ring:—for I mane to put another on the girl's finger if she's agreeable, and knows her own interest.—But that last's a private article.—Not a word of that to Catty, you understand.

Pat. Oh! I understand—and I'll engage I'll compass Catty, tho' she's a cunning shaver.

O'Bla. Cunning!—No,—she's only hot tempered, and asy managed.

Pat. Whatever she is, I'll do my best to plase you.—And I expict your honor, counsellor, won't forget the promise you made me, to ask Mr. Carver for that little place—that sitiation that would just shute me.

O'Bla. Never fear, never fear.—Time enough to think of shuting you, when you've done my business. (*Exit* Pat.) That will work like barm, and ould Matthew, the father, I'll speak to myself genteelly.—He will be proud, I warrant, to match his daughter with a gentleman like me;—but what if he should smell a rat, and want to be looking into my affairs.—Oh! I must get it sartified properly to him before all things, that I'm as safe as the bank, and I know who shall do that for me—my worthy frind, that most consequential magistrate, Mr. Carver, of Bob's Fort, who loves to be advising and managing of all men, women, and children, for their good; the most tiresome vain proser on earth!—'Tis he shall advise ould Matthew for *my* good.—Now Carver thinks he lades the whole county, and ten miles round—but who is it lades him I want to know? Why, Gerald O'Blaney.—And how?—Why, by a spoonful of the univarsal panacea, *flattery*—in the vulgar tongue *flummery*. *(A knock at the door heard.)* Who's rapping at the street?—Carver of Bob's Fort himself, in all his glory this fair day.—See then how he struts and *swells*.—Did ever man, but a pacock, look *so fond* of himself with less rason?—

But I must be caught deep in accounts, and a balance of thousands to credit. (*Sits down to his desk, to account books*). Seven thousand! three hundred, and two pence. (*Starting and rising.*) Do I see Mr. Carver of Bob's Fort?—Oh! the honor—

Carv. Don't stir, pray—I beg—I request—I insist.—I am by no means ceremonious, Sir.

O'Bla. (*Bustling and setting two chairs.*) No, but I'd wish to shew respect proper to him I consider the first man in the county.

Carv. (*Aside.*) Man! gentleman, he might have said.

(Mr. Carver *sits down and rests himself consequentially.*)

O'Bla. Now, Mr. Carver of Bob's Fort, you've been over fartiguing yourself.—

Carv. For the public good. I can't help it, really.

O'Bla. Oh; but, upon my word and honor, its too much—there's rason in all things.—A man of Mr. Carver's fortin to be slaving!—If you were a man in business like me, it would be another thing.—I must slave at the desk to keep all round.—See, Mr. Carver, see!—Ever since the day you advised me to be as particular as yourself in keeping accounts to a farthing, I do, to a fraction, even like state accounts, see!—

Carv. And I trust you find your advantage in it, Sir.—Pray how does the distillery business go on?—

O'Bla. Swimmingly! ever since that time, Mr. Carver, your interest at the Castle helped me at the dead lift, and got that fine took off.—'Tis to your purtiction, encouragement, and advice entirely, I owe my present unexampled prosperity, *which* you prophesied; and Mr. Carver's prophecies seldom, I may say never, fail to be accomplished.

Carv. I own there is some truth in your observation—I confess I have seldom been mistaken or deceived in my judgment of man, woman, or child.

O'Bla. Who can say so much?—

Carv. For what reason I don't pretend to say; but the fact ostensibly *is*, that the few persons I direct with my advice, are unquestionably apt to prosper in this world.

O'Bla. Mighty apt!—for which rason I would wish to trouble you for your unprecedently good advice on another pint; if it would not be too great a liberty.

Carv. No liberty at all, my good Gerald—I am always ready to advise—only to day certainly, the fair-day of Ballynavogue, there are so many calls upon me, both in a public and private capacity,—so much business of vital importance!

O'Bla. (*Aside.*) Vital importance!—that is his word, on all occasions.—(*Aloud.*) May be then (oh! where was my head) may be you would not have breakfasted all this time, and we've the kittle down always in this house (*rising*). Pat!

—Jack!—Mick!—Jenny! put the kittle down.

Carv. Sit down,—sit still, my worthy fellow. Breakfasted at Bob's Fort, as I always do.

O'Bla. But a bit of cake—a glass of wine, to refrish and replinish nature.

Carv. Too early—spoil my dinner.—But what was I going to say?—

O'Bla. (*Aside.*) Burn me if I know; and I pray all the saints you may never recollect.

Carv. I recollect!—how many times do you think I was stopped on horseback coming up the street of Ballynavogue?—Five times by weights and measures, imperiously calling for reformation Sir. Thirteen times, upon my veracity, by booths, apple-stalls, nuisances, vagabonds, and drunken women; pigs without end Sir—wanting ringing, and all squealing in my ears, while I was settling sixteen disputes about tolls and customs. Add to this, my regular battle every fair-day with the crane, which ought to be any where but where *it is*; and my perpetual discoveries of fraudulent kegs, and stones in the butter!—Now, Sir, I only ask, can you wonder that I wipe my forehead— (*wiping his forehead*).

O'Bla. In troth, Mr. Carver, I cannot!—But these are the pains and penalties of being such a man of consequence as you evidently are;—and I that am now going to add to your troubles too by consulting you about my little pint.

Carv. A point of law, I dare to say; for people somehow or other have got such a prodigious opinion of my law. (*Takes snuff.*)

O'Bla. (*Aside.*) No coming to the pint till he has finished his own panygeric.

Carv. And I own I cannot absolutely turn my back on people.—Yet as to *poor* people, I always settle them by telling them, it is my principle that law is too expensive for the poor.—I tell them, the poor have nothing to do with the laws.—

O'Bla. Except the penal.

Carv. True, the civil is for us, men of property,—and no man should think of going to law without he's qualified.—There should be licenses.

O'Bla. No doubt.—Pinalties there are in plinty; still those who can afford, should indulge.—In Ireland it would as ill become a gentleman to be any way shy of a law-shute, as of a duel.

Carv. Yet law is expensive, Sir, even to me.

O'Bla. But 'tis the best economy in the end; for when once you have cast or nonshuted your man in the courts, 'tis as good as winged him in the field.—And suppose you don't get sixpence costs, and lose your cool hundred by it, still it's a great advantage; for you are let alone to enjoy your own in pace and quiet ever after, which you could not do in this county without it.—But the love of the law has carried me away from my business.—The pint I wanted to consult you about is not a pint of law; 'tis another matter.

Carv. (*Looking at his watch.*) I must be at Bob's Fort, to seal my despatches for the Castle.—And there's another thing I say of myself.

O'Bla. (*Aside.*) Remorseless agotist.

Carv. I don't know how, the people all have got such an idea of my connexions at the Castle, and my influence with his Excellency, that I am worried with eternal applications.—They expect I can make them guagers, or attorney-generals, I believe.—How do they know I write to the Castle?

O'Bla. Oh! the post-office tells asy by the big sales (seals) to your despatches. (*Aside*) Which I'll engage is all the Castle ever rades of them, tho' Carver has his Excellency always in his mouth, God help him!

Carv. Well, you wanted to consult me, Gerald?

O'Bla. And you'll give me your advice, which will be conclusive, law, and every thing to me.—You know the M'Brides—would they be safe?

Carv. Very safe, substantial people.

O'Bla. Then here's the thing, Mr. Carver: as you recommend them, and as they are friends of your's—I will confess to you that, though it might not in pint of interest be a very prudent match, I am thinking that Honor M'Bride is such a prudent girl, and Mrs. Carver has taken her by the hand, so I'd wish to follow Mrs. Carver's example for life, in taking Honor *by* the hand for better or worse.

Carv. In my humble opinion you cannot do better; and I can tell you a secret. —Honor will have no contemptible fortune in that rank of life.

O'Bla. Oh, fortune's always contemptible in marriage.

Carv. Fortune! Sir?—

O'Bla. (*Aside.*) Overshot.—(*Aloud.*) In comparison with the patronage and protection or countenance she'd have from you and your family, Sir.

Carv. That you may depend upon, my good Gerald, as far as we can go; but you know we are nothing.

O'Bla. Oh, I know you're every

thing.—Every thing on earth—particularly with ould M'Bride—and you know how to speak so well and iloquent, and I'm so tongue-tied and bāāshful on such an occasion.

Carv. Well, well, I'll speak for you.

O'Bla. A thousand thanks down to the ground.

Carv. (*Patting him on the back as he rises.*) My *poor* Gerald.

O'Bla. Then I am *poor Gerald* in point of wit I know, but you are too good a friend to be calling me *poor* to ould M'Bride—you can say what I can't say.

Carv. Certainly, certainly; and you may depend on me.—I shall speak my decided opinion; and I fancy M'Bride has sense enough to be ruled by you.

O'Bla. I'm sure he has—only there's a Randal Rooney, a wild young man, in the case.—I'd be sorry the girl was thrown away upon Randal.

Carv. She has too much sense—the father will settle that, and I'll settle the father. (Carver *going.*)

O'Bla. (*Following, aside.*) And who has settled you?

Carv. Don't stir—don't stir—men of business must be nailed to a spot—and I'm not ceremonious. (*Exit* Carver.)

O'Bla. Pinned him, by all that's cliver!— (*Exit* O'Blaney.)

SCENE III.

Mrs. Carver's Dressing Room.

Mrs. Carver *sitting at work.*—Bloomsbury *standing.*

Bloom. Certainly, Ma'am, what I always said was, that for the commonalty there's no getting out of an Irish cabin a girl fit to be about a *lady* such as you, Mrs. Carver, in the shape of a waiting maid or waiting maid's assistant, on account they smell so of smoke, which is very distressing; but this Honor M'Bride seems a bettermost sort of girl, Ma'am; if you can make up your mind to her *vice.*

Mrs. Carv. Vice?—

Bloom. That is, vicious pro*noun*ciations in regard to their Irish brogues.

Mrs. Carv. Is that all?—I am quite accustomed to *the accent.*

Bloom. Then, Ma'am, I declare now, I've been forced to stuff my *hears* with cotton wool hever since I comed to Ireland.—But this here Honor M'Bride has a mighty pretty *vice,* if you don't take exceptions to a little nationality;—nor she is not so smoke-dried—she's really a nice tidy looking-like girl considering.—I've taken tea with the family often, and they live quite snug for Hirish.—I'll assure you, Ma'am, quite bettermost people for Hibernians, as you always said, Ma'am.

Mrs. Carv. I have a regard for old Matthew, tho' he is something of a miser, I fear.

Bloom. So, Ma'am, shall I call the

girl up, that we may see and talk to her? —I think Ma'am, you'll find she will do; and I reckon to keep her under my own eye and advice from morning till night —for when I seed the girl so willing to larn, I quite tooked a fancy to her, I own —as it were.

Mrs. Carv. Well, Bloomsbury, let me see this Honor M'Bride.

Bloom. (*Calling.*) One of you there! please call up Honor M'Bride.

Mrs. Carv. She has been waiting a great while, I fear; I don't like to keep people waiting.

Bloom. (*Watching for* Honor *as she speaks.*) Dear heart, Ma'am, in this here country, people does love waiting for waiting's sake, that's sure—they got nothing else to do—Oh Honor—walk in, Honor—rub your shoes always.

Enter Honor, *timidly.*

Mrs. Carv. (*In an encouraging voice.*) Come in, my good girl.

Bloom. Oh child, the door!—the peoples never shut a door in Ireland! Did not I warn you?—says I, "come when "you're called—do as you're bid—shut "the door after you, and you'll never be "chid"—now what did I tell you, child?

Honor. To shut the door after me when I'd come into a room.

Bloom. *When I'd come*—now that's not dic'snary English.

Mrs. Carv. Good Bloomsbury, let that pass for the present—come a little nearer to me, my good girl.

Honor. Yes, Ma'am.

Bloom. Take care of the china pyramint with your cloak—walk on to Mrs. Carver—no need to be afraid—I'll stand your friend.

Mrs. Carv. I should have thought Honor M'Bride, you were in too comfortable a way at home to think of going into service.

Honor. (*Sighs.*) No better father, nor brother, *nor* (than) I have, Ma'am, I thank your Ladyship; but some things come across.

Mrs. Carv. (*Aside.*) Oh it is a blushing case I see—I must talk to her alone by and by. (*Aloud.*) I don't mean, my good girl, to pry into your family affairs.

Honor. Oh Ma'am, you're too good.—(*Aside.*) the kind-hearted lady—how I love her already. (*She wipes the tears from her eyes.*)

Bloom. Take care of the bow-pot at your elbow, child; for if you break the necks of them moss roses—

Honor. I ax their pardon.

Mrs. Carv. Better take the flower-pot out of her way, Bloomsbury.

Bloom. (*Moving the flower-pot.*) There now—but Honor, keep your eyes on my lady—never turn your head, and keep your hands always afore you, as I shew you—Ma'am, she'll larn manners in time—Lon'on was not *built* in a day.—It i'n't to be expected of she!—

Mrs. Carv. It is not to be expected indeed that she should learn every thing at once—so one thing at a time, good

Bloomsbury—and one person at a time.—Leave Honor to me for the present.

Bloom. Certainly, Ma'am; I beg pardon—I was only saying—

Mrs. Carv. Since it is, it seems, necessary, my good girl, that you should leave home; I am glad that you are not too proud to go into service.

Honor. Oh into *your* service, Ma'am!—I'd be too proud if you'd be kind enough to accept me.

Mrs. Carv. Then as to wages; what do you expect?

Honor. Any thing at all you please Ma'am.

Bloom. (*Pressing down her shoulder.*) My lady, always—and where's your curtsy?—we shall bring these Irish knees into training by and by, I hopes.

Honor. I'm awk'ard and strange, Ma'am—I never was from home afore.

Mrs. Carv. Poor girl—we shall agree very well, I hope.

Honor. Oh yes, any thing at all,

Ma'am—*my lady*, I'm not greedy—nor needy—thanks above!—but it's what I'd wish to be under your protection if it was plasing, and I'll do my very best, Madam. (*Curtsies.*)

Mrs. Carv. Nobody can expect more, and I hope and trust you'll find mine an easy place—Bloomsbury, you will tell her what will be required of her—(*Mrs.* Carv. *looks at her watch.*) At twelve o'clock I shall be returned from my walk, and then, Honor, you will come into my cabinet here, I want to say a few words to you.

(*Exit Mrs.* Carver.)

Honor. Yes, Ma'am,—thank you, Ma'am. (Honor *to* Bloomsbury.) How *will* I know, Miss Bloomsbury, when it will be twelve o'clock.

Bloom. You'll hear the clock strike—but I suspect you'se don't understand the clock yet—well, you'll hear the workmen's bell.

Honor. I know, Ma'am, oh I know, true—only I was flurried, so I forgot.

Bloom. Flurried! but never be flurried—now mind and keep your head upon your shoulders, while I tell you all your duty—you'll just *ready* this here room, your lady's dressing-room; not a parti*cal* of dust let me never find, patticlarly behind the vindor shuts.

Honor. Vindor shuts!—where, Ma'am.

Bloom. The *shuts* of the *vindors*—did you never hear of a vindor, child.

Honor. Never, Ma'am.

Bloom. (*Pointing to a window.*) Don't tell me!—why, you're head is a wool-gathering!—now mind me, pray—see here, always you put that there,—and this here, and that upon that,—and this upon this, and this under that,—and that under this—you can remember that much, child, I supposes?

Honor. I'll do my endeavor, Ma'am, to remember all.

Bloom. But, mind now! my good girl, you takes *petticlar* care of this here pyramint of japanned china—and *very* petticlar care of that there great joss—and the *very most patticularest* care of this here right reverend Mandolene. (*Pointing to and touching a Mandarin, so as to make it shake.* Honor *starts back.*)

Bloom. It i'nt alive. Silly child, to start at a mandolin shaking his head and beard at you.—But, oh! mercy, if there in't enough to make him shake his head.—Stand there!—stand here!—now don't you see?

Honor. *Which,* Ma'am.

Bloom. "*Which, Ma'am!*" you're no *witch,* indeed, if you don't see a cobweb as long as my arm. Run, run, child, for the Pope's head.

Honor. Pope's head, Ma'am?

Bloom. Ay, the Pope's head, w'ich you'll find under the stairs.—Well, a'nt you gone? what do you stand there, like a stuck pig, for?—Never see a Pope's head?—never 'ear of a Pope's head?

Honor. I've heard of one, Ma'am—with the priest—but we are protestants.

Bloom. Protestants! what's that to do? I do protest, I believe, that little head of yours is someway got wrong on your shoulders to day.

(*The clock strikes*—Honor, *who is, close to it, starts.*)

Bloom. Start again!—why, you're all starts and fits. Never start, child! so ignoramus like! 'tis only the clock in your ear,—twelve o'clock, hark!—The bell will ring now in a hurry.—Then you goes in there to my lady—stay, you'll never be able, I dare for to say, for to open the door without me; for I opine, you are not much usen'd to brass locks in Hirish cabins—Can't be expected—See here then! You turns the lock in your hand this'n ways—the *lock*, mind now; not the *key* nor the bolt for your life, child, else you'd bolt your lady in, and there'd be my lady in lob's pound, and there'd be a pretty kettle of fish!—So you keep, if you can, all I said to you in your head if possible—and you goes in there—and I goes out here.

(*Exit* Bloomsbury.)

Honor. (*Curtsying.*) Thank ye, Ma'am.

Then all this time I'm sensible I've been behaving and looking little better than like a fool; or an *innocent.*—But I hope I won't be so bad when the lady shall speak to me. (*The bell rings.*) Oh, the bell summons me in here.—(*Speaks with her hand on the lock of the door.*) The lock's asy enough—I hope I'll take courage—(*sighs.*)—Asier to spake before one *nor* two, any way—and asier tin times to the mistress than the maid.

(*Exit* Honor.)

SCENE IV.

The Highroad—A Cottage in view—Turf-stack, Hay-rick, &c.

Catty Rooney *alone, walking backwards and forwards.*

Catty. 'Tis but a stone's throw to Ballynavogue. But I don't like to be going into the fair *a'-fut* (*on foot*), when I been always used to go in upon my pillion behind my husband when living, and my son Randal, after his death.—Wait, who comes here?—'Tis Gerald O'Blaney's, the distiller's, young man, Pat Coxe: now we'll larn all—and whether O'Blaney can lend me the loan of a horse, or no.—A good morrow to you kindly, Mr. Pat Coxe.

Enter Pat Coxe.

Pat. And you the same, Mrs. Rooney, tinfold.—Mr. O'Blaney has his *sarvices* to you, Ma'am.—No not his *sarvices*, but his compliments, that was the word,—his kind compliments, that was the very word.

Catty. The counshillor's always very kind to me, and genteel.

Pat. And was up till past two in the morning, last night, Madam, he bid me say, looking over them papers you left with him for you shuit, Ma'am, with the M'Brides, about the bit of Ballynascraw bog; and if you call upon the counshillor in the course of the morning, he'll find, or make, a minute, for a consultation, he says.—But mane time, to take no step to compromise, or make it up, *for your life*, Ma'am.

Catty. No fear, I'll not give up at law, or any way, to a M'Bride, while I've a drop of blood in my veins—and its good thick Irish blood runs in these veins.

Pat. No doubt, Ma'am—from the kings of Ireland, as all the world knows, Mrs. Rooney.

Catty. And the M'Brides have no blood at-all-at-all.

Pat. Not a drop, Ma'am—so they can't stand before you.

Catty. They *ought* not, any way!—What are they? Cromwellians at the best.—Mac Brides!—*Macks*—Scotch!—not Irish native—at-all-at-all.—People of yesterday, graziers and *mushroons*—(mushrooms)—which tho' they've made the money, can't buy the blood.—My anshestors sat on a throne, when the M'Brides had only their *hunkers* * to sit upon; and if I walk now when they ride, they can't look down upon me—for every body knows who I am—and what they are.

Pat. To be sure, Ma'am, they do—the whole country talks of nothing else but the shame when you'd be walking and they riding.

Catty. Then could the counshillor lend me the horse.

Pat. With all the pleasure in life, Ma'am, only every horse he has in the world, is out o' messages, and drawing turf, and one thing or another to day—and he is very sorry, Ma'am.

Catty. So am I then—I'm unlucky the day.—But I won't be saying so, for fear of spreading ill luck on my faction.—Pray now what kind of a fair is it? Would there be any good signs of a fight, Mr. Pat Coxe?

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* Their *hunkers, i. e.* their hams.

Pat. None in life as yet, Ma'am,—only just buying and selling. The horse-bastes, and horned-cattle, and pigs squeaking, has it all to themselves.—But its early times yet,—it won't be long so.

Catty. No M'Brides, no Ballynavogue boys gathering yet?

Pat. None to signify of the M'Brides, Ma'am, at all.

Catty. Then its plain them M'Brides dare not be shewing their faces, or even their backs, in Ballynavogue.—But sure all our Ballynascraw-boys, the Roonies, are in it as usual, I hope.

Pat. Oh, Ma'am, there is plinty of Roonies.—I marked Big Briny of Cloon, and Ulick of Eliogarty, and little Charley of Killaspugbrone.

Catty. All *good* men *—no better.—Praise be where due.

Pat. And scarce a Mac Bride I noticed—But the father and son—ould Matthew, and flourishing Phil, was in it, with a new pair of boots and the silver-hilted whip.

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* *Good men*—men who fight well.

Catty. The spalpeen! turned into a buckeen, that would be a squireen,—but can't.

Pat. No, for the father pinches him.

Catty. That's well—and that ould Matthew is as obstinate a neger as ever famished his stomach.—What's he doing in Ballynavogue the day?

Pat. Standing he is there, in the fair-green, with his score of fat bullocks, that he has got to sell.

Catty. Fat bullocks! Them, I reckon will go towards Honor M'Bride's portion, and a great fortin she'll be for a poor man—but I covet none of it for me or mine.

Pat. I'm sure of that, Ma'am,—you would not demane yourself to the likes.

Catty. Mark me, Pat Coxe, now—with all them fat bullocks at her back, and with all them fresh roses in her cheeks—and I don't say but she's a likely girl, if she wa'nt a Mac Bride.—But with all that, and if she was the best spinner in the three counties, and I don't say but she's good, if she wa'nt a Mac Bride,—but was she the best of the best, and the fairest of the fairest, and had she to boot, the two stockings full of gould, Honor M'Bride shall never be brought home, a daughter-in-law to me.—My pride's up!

Pat. (*Aside.*) And I'm instructed to keep it up.——(*Aloud.*) True, for ye, Ma'am, and I, wish that all had as much proper pride, as ought to be having it.

Catty. There's maning in your eye, Pat—give it tongue.

Pat. If you did not hear it, I suppose there's no truth in it.

Catty. What?—which?—

Pat. That your son Randal, Mrs. Rooney, is not of your way of thinking about Honor M'Bride, may-be's.

Catty. Tut!—No matter what way of thinking he is—A young slip of a boy like him does not know what he'll think to-morrow.—He's a good son to me, and in regard to a wife, one girl will do him as well as another, if he has any sinse—and I'll find him a girl that will plase him, I'll engage.

Pat. May be so, Ma'am—no fear—only boys do like to be plasing themselves, by times—and I noticed something.

Catty. What did you notice?—till me, Pat, dear, quick.

Pat. No—'tis bad to be meddling and remarking to get myself ill-will—so I'll keep myself to myself;—for Randal's ready enough with his hand, as you with the tongue,—no offence, Mrs. Rooney, Ma'am.

Catty. Niver fear—only till *me* the truth, Pat, dear.

Pat. Why then, to the best of my opinion, I seen Honor M'Bride just now, giving Randal Rooney the meeting behind the chapel; and I seen him putting a ring on her finger.

Catty. (*Clasping her hands.*)—Oh, murder!—Oh! the unnat'ral monsters that love makes of these young men; and the traitor to use me so, when he promised he'd never make a stol'n match unknown'st to me.

Pat. Oh, Ma'am, I don't say—I wouldn't swear it's a match—yet.

Catty. Then I'll run down and stop it—and catch 'em.

Pat. You haven't your jock on, Ma'am—(*she turns towards the house*).—and its no use—for you won't catch 'em—I seen them after, turning the back way into Nick Flaherty's.

Catty. Nick Flaherty's, the publican's?—oh, the sinners!—and this is the saint, that Honor M'Bride would be passing herself upon us for.—And all the edication she got at Mrs. Carver's Sunday school.—Oh, this comes of being better than one's neighbors—a fine thing to tell Mrs. Carver, the English lady, that's so nice and so partial to Miss

Honor M'Bride.——Oh, I'll expose her.

Pat. Oh sure, Mrs. Rooney, you promised you'd not tell.—(*Standing so as to stop* Catty.)

Catty. Is it who told me—no—I won't mintion a sintence of your name. —But let me by—I won't be put off now I've got the scent.—I'll hunt 'em out, and drag her to shame if they're above ground; or my name's not Catty Rooney. —Mick—Mick! little Mick—(*calling at the cottage door*)—Bring my blue jock up the road after me to Ballynavogue.— Don't let me count three till you're after me, or I'll bleed ye!——(*Exit* Catty, *shaking her closed hand, and repeating*) I'll expose Honor M'Bride—I'll expose Honor! I will, by the blessing!——

Pat. (*Alone.*) Now, if Randal Rooney would hear: he'd make a jelly of me, and how I'd tremble! or the brother, if he comed across me, and knewed.—But they'll niver know.—Oh, Catty won't say a sintence of my name, was she carded!—No, Catty's a scould, but has a conscience.—Then I like conscience in them I have to dale with cartainly.

(*Exit.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Gerald O'Blaney's Counting-House.

O'Blaney, *alone.*

O'Bla. THEN I wonder that ould Matthew M'Bride is not here yet.—But is not this Pat Coxe coming up yonder? Aye.—Well Pat, what success with Catty?

Enter Pat Coxe, *panting.*

Take breath, man alive—What of Catty?

Pat. Catty! Oh, murder!—No time to be talking of Catty, now!—Sure the shuper-vizor's come to town.

O'Bla. Blood!—and the malt that has not paid duty in the cellar! Run, for your life, to the back-yard, give a whistle to call all the boys that's ricking o' the turf, away with 'em to the cellar, out with every sack of malt that's in it, through the back-yard, throw all into the middle of the turf-stack, and in the wink of an eye build up the rick over all, snoog *(snug).*

Pat. I'll engage we'll have it done in a crack. (*Exit* Pat.)

O'Bla. (*Calling after him.*)—Pat! Pat Coxe, man!

Re-enter Pat.

O'Bla. Would there be any fear of any o' the boys *informin?*

Pat. Sooner cut their ears off!

(*Exit* Pat.)

Enter Old M‘Bride, *at the opposite side.*

Old M‘B.—(*Speaking in a slow, drawling brogue.*) Would Mr. Gerald O'Blaney, the counsellor, be within?

O'Bla. (*Quick brogue.*) Oh, my best friend, Matthew M‘Bride, is it you, dear?—then here's Gerald O'Blaney, always at your sarvice. But shake hands, for of all men in Ireland, you are the man I was aching to lay my eyes on.—And, in the fair did ye happen to meet Carver of Bob's Fort?

Old M‘B. (*Speaking very slowly.*) Aye, did I—and he was a-talking to me, and I was a-talking to him—and he's a very good gentleman, Mr. Carver of Bob's Fort—so he is—and a gentleman that knows how things should be; and he has been giving of me, Mr. O'Blaney, a great account of you, and how you're thriving in the world—and so as that.

O'Bla. Nobody should know *that* better than Mr. Carver of Bob's-*Fort*—he knows all my affairs.—*He is* an undeniable honest gentleman, for whom I profess the highest regard.

Old M‘B. Why then he has a great opinion of you too, counsellor—for he has been advising of, and telling of me, O'Blaney, of your proposhal, Sir—and very sinsible I am of the honor done by you to our family, Sir—and condescension to the likes of us—tho' to be sure, Honor M'Bride, though she is my daughter, is a match for any man.

O'Bla. Is a match for a prince—a Prince Ragent even.—So no more about condescenscion, my good Matthew,—for love *livels all distinctions.*

Old M'B. That's very pritty of you, to say so, Sir; and I'll repeat it to Honor.

O'Bla. Cupid is the great liveller, after all, and the only democrat Daity on earth I'd bow to—for I know you are no democrat, Mr. M'Bride, but quite and clane the contrary way.

Old M'B. Quite and clane and stiff —I thank my God, and *I'm* glad in spite of the vowel before your name, Mr O'Blaney, to hear you are of the same kidney.

O'Bla. I'm happy to find myself agreeable to you, Sir.

Old M'B. But, however agreeable to me, as I won't deny, it might be, Sir, to see my girl made into a gentlewoman by marriage, I must observe to you——

O'Bla. And I'll keep her a jaunting car to ride about the country—and in another year, as my fortune's rising, my wife should rise with it into a coach of her own.

Old M'B. Oh! if I'd live to see my child, my Honor, in a coach of her own!—I'd be too happy, oh, I'd die content.

O'Bla. (*Aside.*) No fear!—(*Aloud.*)—And why should not she ride in her own coach, Mistress Counsellor O'Blaney, and look out of the windows down upon the *Roonies*, that have the insolence to look up to her.

Old M'B. Ah! you know *that* then.—That's all that's against us, Sir, in this match.

O'Bla. But if *you* are against Randal, no fear.

Old M'B. I am against him—that is,

against his family, and all his seed, breed, and generation.—But I would not break my daughter's heart if I could help it.

O'Bla. Wheugh!—hearts don't break in these days, like china.

Old M'B. This is my answer, Mr. O'Blaney, Sir,—You have my lave, but you must have her's too.

O'Bla. I would not fear to gain that, in *due time, if you would stand my friend* in forbidding her the sight of Randal.

Old M'B. I will with pleasure, that —for tho' I won't force her to marry to plase me, I'll forbid her to marry to displase me; and when I have said it, whatever it is, I'll be obeyed.—(*Strikes his stick on the ground.*)

O'Bla. That's all I ax.

Old M'B. But now what settlement, Counshillor, will you make on my girl?

O'Bla. A hundred a year—I wish to be liberal—Mr. Carver will see to that—he knows all my affairs, as I suppose he was telling you.

Old M'B. He was—I'm satisfied, and I'm at a word my [illegible] always. You heard me name my girl's portion, Sir?

O'Bla. I can't say—I didn't mind—'Twas no object to me in life.

Old M'B. (*In a very low, mysterious tone, and slow brogue.*) Then five hundred guineas is some object to most min.

O'Bla. Certainly, Sir—but not such an object as your daughter to me; since we are got upon business, however, best settle all that out of the way, as you say, at once. Of the five hundred, I have two in my hands already, which you can make over to me with a stroke of a pen. (*Rising quickly, and getting pen, ink, and books.*)

Old M'B. (*Speaking very slowly.*) Stay a bit—no hurry. In life—in business—'tis always most haste, worse speed.

O'Bla. Take your own time, my good Matthew—I'll go as slow as you plase—only love's quick.

Old M'B. Slow and sure—love and all—fast bind, fast find—three and two, what does that make?

O'Bla. It used to make five before I was in love.

Old M'B. And will the same after you're married and dead—what am I thinking of?—a score of bullocks I had in the fair—half a score sold in my pocket, and owing half—that's John Dolan, twelve pound, tin—and Charly Duffy nine guineas, and thirteen tin pinnies, and a five-penny *bit*—stay then, put that to the hundred guineas in the stocking at home.

O'Bla. (*Aside.*) How he makes my mouth water. (*Aloud.*) May be, Matthew, I could, that am used to it, save you the trouble of counting.

Old M'B. No trouble in life to me ever to count my money—only I'll trouble you, Sir, if you plase, to lock that door; bad to be *chinking* and spreading money with doors open, for walls has ears and eyes.

O'Bla. True for you. (*Rising, and going to lock the doors.*)

(*Old* Mac Bride *with great difficulty, and very slowly, draws out of his pocket his bag of money—looking first at one door, and then at the other, and going to try whether they are locked, before he unties his bag.*)

Old M'B. (*Spreads and counts his money and notes.*) See me now, I wrote on some scrap somewhere *59l.* in notes—then hard cash, twinty pounds—rolled up silver and gould, which is scarce—but of a hundred pounds, there's wanting fourteen pounds odd, I think, or something that way—for Phil and I had our breakfast out of a one pound note of Finlay's, and I put the change somewhere—besides a ribbon for Honor, which makes a deficiency of fourteen pounds, seven shillings and two *pence*—that's what's deficient—count *it* which way you will.

O'Bla. (*Going to sweep the money off the table.*) Oh never mind the deficiency—I'll take it for a hundred plump.

Old M'B. (*Stopping him.*) Plump me, no plumps—I'll have it exact, or not at all—I'll not part it, so let me see it again.

O'Bla. (*Aside, with a deep sigh, almost a groan.*) Oh! when I had had it in my fist—almost—but 'tis as hard to get money out of this man, as blood out of a turnip; and I'll be lost to-night without it.

Old M'B. 'Tis not exact—and I'm exact—I'll put it all up again—(*he puts it deliberately into the bag again, thrusting the bag into his pocket*)—I'll make it up at home my own way, and send it in to you by Phil in an hour's time, for I could not sleep sound with so much in my house—bad people about—safer with you in town—Mr. Carver says, you are as good as the Bank of Ireland—there's no going beyond that. (*Buttoning up his pockets.*)—So you may unlock the doors and let me out now—I'll send Phil with all to you, and you'll give him a bit of a receipt, or a token that would do.

O'Bla. I shall give a receipt by all

means — all regular; — short accounts make long friends. (*Unlocks the door.*)

Old M‘B. True Sir, and I'll come in and see about the settlements in the morning, if Honor is agreeable.

O'Bla. I shall make it my business to wait upon the young lady myself on the wings of love;—and I trust I'll not find any remains of Randal Rooney in her head.

Old M‘B. Not if I can help it, depend on that. (*They shake hands.*)

O'Bla. Then fare ye well, father-in-law—that's meat and drink to me—would not ye take a glass of wine then?

Old M‘B. Not a drop—not a drop at all—with money about me, I must be in a hurry home.

O'Bla. That's true—so best—recommind me kindly to Miss Honor, and say a great dale about my impatience—and I'll be expicting Phil, and won't shut up till he comes the night.

Old M‘B. No don't—for he'll be with you before night-fall. (*Exit* M‘Bride.)

O'Bla. (*Calling.*) Dan! open the door there—Dan! Joe! open the door smart for Mr. M'Bride. (O'Blaney *rubbing his hands.*) Now I think I may pronounce myself made for life—success to my parts!—and here's Pat too!—well Pat Coxe, what news of the thing in hand?

Enter Pat Coxe.

Pat. Out of hand clane!—that job's nately done—the turf-rick Sir's built up cliver, with the malt snug in the middle of its stomach—so were the shupervishor a conjurer even, barring he'd dale with the ould one, he'd never suspict a sentence of it.

O'Bla. Not he—he's no conjurer—many's the dozen tricks I played him afore now.

Pat. But, Counshillor, *there's* the big veshel in the little passage—I got a hint from a friend, that the shuper got information of the spirits in that from some villain.

O'Bla. And do you think I don't know a trick for that too?

Pat. No doubt—still, Counshillor, I'm in dread of my life that that great big veshel won't be imptied in a hurry.

O'Bla. Won't it?—but you'll see it will tho'; and what's more, them spirits will turn into water for the shupervishor.

Pat. Water! how?

O'Bla. Asy—the ould tan-pit that's at the back of the distillery.

Pat. I know—what of it?

O'Bla. A sacret pipe I've got fixed to the big veshel, and the pipe goes under the wall for me into the tan-pit, and a sucker I have in the big veshel which I pull open by a string in a crack, and lets all off all clane into the tan-pit.

Pat. That's capital—but the water?

O'Bla. From the pump, another pipe —and the girl's pumping asy, for she's to wash to-morrow, and knows nothing about it; and so the big veshel she fills with water, wondering what ails the water that it don't come—and I set one boy and another to help her—and the pump's bewitched, and that's all—so that's settled.

Pat. And cleverly. Oh counshillor, we are a match for the shuper any day, *or* night.

O'Bla. For him and all his tribe, *coursing* officers and all. I'd desire no better sport, than to hear the whole pack in full cry after me, and I doubling, and doubling, and safe at my form at last. With you, Pat, my precious, to drag the herring over the ground previous to the hunt, to distract the scent, and defy the nose of the dogs.

Pat. Then I'm proud to sarve you, Counshillor.

O'Bla. I know you are, and a very honest boy. And what did you do for me, with Catty Rooney?

Pat. The best.—Oh! its I *blarny'd* Catty to the skies, and then egged her on, and aggravated her against the M'Brides, till I left her as mad as e'er a one in Bedlam—up to any thing! and full tilt she's off to Flaherty's, the publican, in her blue jock—where *she'll* not *be* long afore she kicks up a quarrel, I'll engage—for she's *sarching* the house for Honor M'Bride, who is *not* in it—and giving bad language, I warrant, to all the M'Bride faction, who *is* in it, drinking. Oh! trust Catty's tongue for breeding a riot! In half an hour, *I'll* warrant, *you'll have* as fine a fight in town as ever ye seen or *hard*.

O'Bla. That's iligantly done, Pat. But I hope Randal Rooney is in it?

Pat. In the thick of it he is, or will be.—So I hope your honor did not forgit to spake to Mr. Carver about that little place for me.

O'Bla. Forgit!—Do I forgit my own name, do you think? Sooner *forgit* that *then* my promises.

Pat. Oh! I beg your honor's pardon—I would not doubt your word; and to make matters sure, and to make Catty cockahoop, I tould her, and swore to her, there was not a M'Bride in the town but two, and there's twinty, more or less.

O'Bla. And when she sees them twinty, more or less, what will she think?—Why would you say that, she might find you out in a lie next minute, Mr. Overdo? 'Tis dangerous for a young man to be telling more lies than is absolutely requisite. The *lie-superfluous* brings many an honest man, and, what's more, many a cliver fellow into a scrape—and that's your great fau't, Pat.

Pat. Which, Sir?

O'Bla. That, Sir. I don't see you often now take a glass too much.—But, Pat, I hear you often still are too apt to indulge in a lie too much.

Pat. Lie! Is it I?—Whin upon my conscience, I niver to my knowledge, tould a lie in my life, since I was born, excipt it would be just to skreen a man, which is charity, sure—or to skreen myself, which is self-defence, sure—and that's lawful—or to oblige your honor, by particular desire, and *that* can't be helped, I suppose.

O'Bla. I am not saying again all that —only *(laying his hand on* Pat*'s shoulder as he is going out,)* against another time, all I'm warning you, young man, *is*, you're too apt to think there never can be lying enough.—Now too much of a good thing is good for nothing. *(Exit* O'Blaney.)

Pat, *alone.*

Pat. There's what you may call the divil rebuking sin—and now we talk of the like as, I've hard my *mudther* say, that he had need of a long spoon that ates wid the divil—so I'll look to that in time. But who's voice is that I hear coming up stairs?—I don't believe but it's Mr. Carver—only what should bring him back again, I wonder now?—Here he is, all out of breath, coming.

Enter Mr. Carver.

Mr. Carv. Pray, young man, did you

happen to see—(*panting for breath.*) Bless me, I've ridden so fast back from Bob's Fort.

Pat. My master, Sir, Mr. O'Blaney, is it?—Will I run?

Mr. Carv. No, no—stand still till I have breath. What I want is, a copy of a letter I dropped some where or other—here I think it must have been, when I took out my handkerchief—a copy of a letter to his Excellency—of great consequence. (Carver *sits down, and takes breath.*)

Pat. (*Searching about with officious haste.*) If it's above ground I'll find it. What's this?—an old bill. That is not it—would it be this, crumpled up.—"To his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland."

Mr. Carv. (*Snatching.*) No further, for your life——

Pat. Well then I was lucky I found it, and proud.

Mr. Carv. And well you may be, young man; for I can assure you, on this letter the fate of Ireland may depend (*Smoothing the letter on his knee.*)

Pat. I wouldn't doubt it—when it's a letter of your honor's—I know your honor's a great man at the Castle. And plase your honour, I take this opportunity of tanking your honor, for the encouragement I got about that little clerk's place—and here's a copy of my hand-writing, I'd wish to shew your honor, to see I'm capable—and a scholard.

Mr. Carv. Hand-writing! Bless me, young man, I have no time to look at your hand-writing, Sir. With the affairs of the nation on my shoulders—can you possibly think?—is the boy mad?—that I've time to revise every poor scholar's copy-book?

Pat. I humbly beg your honor's pardon, but it was only becaase I'd wish to shew I was not quite so unworthy to be under (whin you've time,) your honor's protection, as promised.

Mr. Carv. My protection?—you are

not under my protection, Sir—promised clerk's place—I do not conceive what you are aiming at, Sir.

Pat. The little clerk's place, plase your honor—that my master, Counshellor O'*Bl*aney, tould me he spoke about to your honor, and was recommending me for to your honor.

Mr. Carv. Never—never heard one syllable about it, till this moment.

Pat. Oh murder!—but I expect your honor's goodness will.—

Mr. Carv. To make your mind easy, I promised to appoint a young man to that place, a week ago, by Counsellor O'Blaney's special recommendation.—So there must be some mistake.

(*Exit* Mr. Carver.)

Pat, *alone.*

Pat. Mistake? aye, mistake on purpose—so he never spoke! so he lied!—my master that was praching me!—And oh, the dirty lie he tould me! Now I can't put up with that, when I was almost perjuring myself for him at the time. Oh if I don't fit him for this! And he got the place given to another!—then I'll get him as well sarved, and out of this place too—seen-if-I-don't! He is cunning enough, but I'm cuter nor he—I have him in my power, so I have: and I'll give the shupervishor a scent of the malt in the turf-stack—and a hint of the spirits in the tan-pit—and it's I, that will like to stand by innocent, and see how shrunk O'Blaney's double face will look forenent the shupervishor, when all's found out, and not a word left to say, but to pay—ruined hand and foot! Then that shall be, and before nightfall.—Oh! one good turn deserves another—in revenge, prompt payment while you live! (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

M'Bride's Cottage.

Matthew M'Bride *and* Honor. (Matthew *with a little Table before him, at Dinner.*)

Old M'B. (*Pushing his plate from him.*) I'll take no more—I'm done—(*he sighs*).

Honor. Then you made but a poor dinner, father, after being at the fair, and up early, and all!—Take this bit from my hands, father dear.

Old M'B. (*Turning away sullenly.*) I'll take nothing from you, Honor, but what I got already enough and—too much of—and that's ungratitude.

Honor. Ungratitude! Father! then you don't see my heart!

Old M'B. I lave that to whoever has it, Honor—'tis enough for me, I see what you do—and [redacted] what I go by.

Honor. Oh me! and what did I do to displase you, father?—(*He is obstinately silent; after waiting in vain for an* *answer, she continues)*—I that was thinking to make all happy, (*aside*) but myself, (*aloud*) by settling to keep out of the way of—all that could vex you—and to go to sarvice, to Mrs. Carver's. I thought *that* would plase you, father.

Old M'B. Is it to lave me, Honor? Is it *that*, you thought would plase me, Honor? To lave your father alone in his ould age, after all the slaving he got and was willing to undergo, whilst ever he had strength, early and late to make a little portion for you, Honor,—you that I reckoned upon for the prop and pride of my ould age—and you expect you'd plase me by laving me.

Honor. Hear me just if, pray then, father.

Old M'B. *(Shaking her off as she tries to caress him.)*—Go then, go where you will, and demane yourself going into sarvice, rather than stay with me—go.

Honor. No, I'll not go.—I'll stay then with you, father dear,—say that will plase you.

Old M'B. (*Going on without listening to her.*)—And all for the love of this Randal Rooney! Aye, you may well put your two hands before your face; if you'd any touch of natural affection at all, *that* young man would have been the *last* of all others you'd ever have thought of loving, or liking any way.

Honor. Oh! if I could help it!

Old M'B. There it is.—This is the way the poor fathers is always to be trated.—They to give all, daughter and all, and get nothing at all, not their choice even of the man, the villain that's to rob 'em of all—without thanks even; and of all the plinty of bachelors there are in the parish for the girl that has money, that daughter will go and pick and chuse out the very man the father mislikes beyond all others, and then its "*Oh if I could help it.!*"—Asy talking!

Honor. But, dear father, wasn't it more than talk, what I did?—Oh, won't you listen to me?

Old M'B. I'll not hear ye; for if you'd a grain o' spirit in your mane composition, Honor, you would take your father's part, and not be putting yourself under Catty's feet—the bad-tongued woman, that hates you, Honor, like poison.

Honor. If she does hate me, its all through love of her own——

Old M'B. Son—aye—that she thinks too good for you—for *you*, Honor; you, the lily of Lismore—that might command the pride of the country. Oh, Honor dear, don't be lessening yourself, but be a proud girl as you ought, and my own Honor.

Honor. Oh, when you speak so kind!

Old M'B. And I beg your pardon, if I said a cross word, for I know you'll never think of him more, and no need to lave home at all for his sake. It would be a shame in the country, and what would Mrs. Carver herself think?

Honor. She thinks well of it, then.

Old M'B. Then whatever she thinks, she shan't have my child from me!—tho' she is a very good lady, and a very kind lady, too.—But see now, Honor—have done with love, for its all foolishness; and when you come to be as ould as I am, you'll think so too. The shadows goes all one way, till the middle of the day, and when that is past, then all the t'other way; and so it is, with love, in life—stay till the sun is going down with you.

Honor. Then it would be too late to be thinking of love.

Old M'B. And too airly now, and there's no good time, for its all folly. I'll ax you, will love set the potatoes?—will love make the rent?—or, will love give you a jaunting-car?—as to my knowledge another of your bachelors would.

Honor. Oh, don't name him, father.

Old M'B. Why not—when it's his name that would make a lady of you, and there'd be a rise in life, and an honor to your family.

Honor. Recollect it was he that would have dishonored my family, in me, if he could.

Old M'B. But he repints now, and

what can a man do, but repine, and offer to make honorable restitution, and thinking of marrying, as now, Honor dear;—is not that a condescension of me, who's a sort of a jantleman.

Honor. A sort indeed—a bad sort.

Old M'B. Why, not jantleman *born*, to be sure.

Honor. Nor *bred.*

Old M'B. Well, there's many that way, neither born nor bred, but that does very well in the world; and think what it would be to live in the big shingled house, in Ballynavogue, with him.

Honor. I'd rather live here, with you, father.

Old M'B. Then I thank you kindly, daughter, for that, but so would not *I for* you,—and then the jaunting-car, or a coach, in time, if he could! He has made the proposhal for you in form this day.

Honor. And what answer from you, father?

Old M'B. Don't be looking so pale,—I

tould him he had my consint, if he could get yours.—And, oh! before you speak, Honor dear, think what it would be up and down in Ballynavogue, and every other place in the county, assizes days and all, to be mistress Gerald O'Blaney.

Honor. I couldn't but think very ill of it, father; thinking ill, as I do, of him. —Father dear, say no more, don't be breaking my heart,—I'll never have that man—but I'll stay happy with you.

Old M'B. Why, then, I'll be contint with that same; and who wouldn't?—If it's what you'd rather stay, and *can* stay contint, Honor dear, I'm only too happy.—*(Embracing her—then pausing.)* But for Randal—

Honor. In what can you fau't him, only his being a Rooney?

Old M'B. That's all—but that's enough,—I'd sooner see you in your coffin,—sooner be at your wake to-night, than your wedding with a Rooney.—'Twould kill me.—Come, promise me,—I'd trust your word—and 'twould make me asy for life, and I'd die asy, if you'd promise never to have him.

Honor. Never till you would consent, —that's all *I* can promise.

Old M'B. Well, that same is a great ase to my heart.

Honor. And to give a little ase to mine, father, perhaps you could promise—

Old M'B. What! I'll promise nothing at all—I'll promise nothing at all—I'll promise nothing I couldn't perform.

Honor. But this you could perform asy, dear father;—just hear your own Honor.

Old M'B. (*Aside.*) That voice would wheedle the bird off the bush—and when she'd prefar me to the jaunting car, can I but listen to her?—(*Aloud.*) Well, what!—if its any thing at all in rason.

Honor. It is in rason entirely.—Its only, that if Catty Rooney's——

Old M'B. (*Stopping his ears.*) Don't name her.

Honor. But she might be brought to rason, father; and if she should be brought to give up that claim to the bit o'bog of yours, and when all differs betwix' the families be made up, then you would consent.

Old M'B. When Catty Rooney's brought to rason! Oh! go shoe the goslings, dear,—aye *you'll* get my consint then.—*There's* my hand, I promise you, *I'll* never be called on to perform that, Honor, jewel.

Honor. (*Kissing his hand.*) Then that's all I'd ask—nor will I say one word more, but, thank you, father.

Old M'B. (*Putting on his coat.*) She's a good cratur—sorrow better! sister or daughter. Oh! I won't forget that she prefarred me to the jaunting car: Phil shall carry him a shivil refusal—I'll send off the money, the three hundred, by your brother, this minute—that will be some comfort to poor O'Blaney.

(*Exit* M'Bride.)

Honor. Is not he a kind father then,

after all?—That promise he gave me about Catty, even such as it is, has ased my heart wonderfully.—Oh! it will all come right, and they'll all be reasonable in time, even Catty Rooney—I've great hope, and little hope's enough, even for love to live upon—but, hark!—There's my brother Phil coming.—*(A noise heard in the back-house).*—'Tis only the cow in the bier.—*(A knock heard at the door).*—No, 'tis a Christian, no cow ever knocked so soft.—Stay till I open—Who's in it?

Randal. (*From within.*) Your own Randal—open quick.

Honor. Oh! Randal, is it you!—I can't open the door at-all-at-all.

(She holds the door—he pushes it half open.)

Randal. Honor, that I love more than life, let me in, till I speak one word to you, before you're set against me for ever.

Honor. No danger of that—but I can't let you in, Randal.

Randal. Great danger!—Honor, and you must.—See you I will, if I die for it.

(He advances and she retires behind the door, holding it against him.)

Honor. Then I won't see you this month again, if you do.—My hand's weak, but my heart's strong, Randal.

Randal. Then my heart's as weak as a child's this minute.—Never fear—don't hold against me, Honor,—I'll stand where I am, since you don't trust me, nor love me,—and best so, may be—I only wanted to say three words to you.

Honor. I can't hear you now, Randal.

Randal. Then you'll never hear me more.—Good by to you, Honor.

(He pulls the door to, angrily.)

Honor. And it's a wonder as it was you didn't meet my father as you came, or my brother.

Randal. (Pushing the door a little open again).—Your brother!—Oh, Honor! that's what's breaking my heart—(*he sighs*) that's what I wanted to say to you, and listen to me.—No fear of your father, he's gone down the road—I saw him as I come the short cut, but he didn't see me.

Honor. What of my brother?—say, and go.

Randal. Aye, go—for ever, you'll bid me, when I've said.

Honor. What! oh, speak, or I'll drop. —(*She no longer holds the door, but leans against a table.*—Randal *advances, and looks in.*

Randal. Don't be frighted then, dearest—Its nothing in life but a fight at a fair.—He's but little hurted.

Honor. Hurted!—And by who? by you is it?—Then all's over.——(Randal *comes quite in*—Honor, *putting her hand before her eyes.*)——You may come or go, for I'll never love you more.

Randal. I expicted as much!—But she'll faint.

Honor. I won't faint,—leave me, Mr. Randal.

Randal. Take this water from me,—(*holding a cup*)—its all I ask.

Honor. No need.—(*she sits down*)—But what's this?—(*seeing his hand bound up.*)

Randal. A cut only.

Honor. Bleeding—stop it.—(*turning from him coldly.*)

Randal. Then by this blood—No not by this worthless blood of mine—but by that dearest blood that fled from your cheeks, and this minute is coming back, Honor, I swear.—(*kneeling to her.*)

Honor. Say what you will, or swear, I don't hear or heed you.—And my father will come and find you there—And I don't care.

Randal. I know you don't—and I don't care myself what happens me.—But as to Phil, its only a cut in the head he got, that signifies nothing—if he was not your brother.—

Honor. Once lifted your hand against him,—all's over.

Randal. Honor, I did not lift my hand against *him*,—but I was in the quarrel with his faction.

Honor. And this your promise to me not to be in any quarrel!—No, if my father consented to-morrow, I'd niver have you now.—(*Rises, and is going—he holds her.*)

Randal. Then you're wrong, Honor, —you've heard all against me—now hear what's for me.

Honor. I'll hear no more,—let me go.

Randal. Go then,—(*he lets her go, and turns away himself.*)—and I'm going before Mr. Carver, who *will* hear me, and the truth will appear—and tho' not from you, Honor, I'll have justice.

(*Exit* Randal.)

Honor. Justice! Oh, worse and worse! to make all public—and, if once we go to law, there's an end of love—*for ever.* (*Exit* Honor.)

SCENE III.

O'Blaney's House.

O'Blaney *and* Catty Rooney.

Catty. And didn't ye hear it, Counshillor? the uproar in the town and the riot?—*oh!* you'd think the world was throwing out at windows.—See my jock, all tattered!—Didn't ye hear?

O'Bla. How could I hear, backwards, as you see, from the street, and given up to my business?

Catty. Business! oh! here is a fine business—the M'Brides have driven all before them, and chased the Roonies out of Ballynavogue.—(*In a tone of deep despair.*)—Oh! Catty Rooney! that ever you'd live to see this day!

O'Bla. Then take this glass (*offering a glass of whiskey*) to comfort your heart, my good Mrs. Rooney.

Catty. No, thank you, Counshillor,

its past that even! ogh! ogh!—oh! wirrastrew!—oh! wirrastrew, ogh!—(*After wringing her hands, and yielding to a burst of sorrow and wailing, she stands up firmly.*)—Now I've ased my heart, I'll do; I've spirit enough left in me yet, you'll see—and I'll tell you what I came to you for, Counsellor.

O'Bla. Tell me first, is Randal Rooney in it, and is he hurt?

Catty. He was in it—he's not hurt, more shame for him.—But, howsomever, he bet one boy handsomely, that's my only comfort. Our faction's all going full drive to swear examinations, and get justice.

O'Bla. Very proper!—very proper, swear examinations, that's the course, and only satisfaction in these cases to get justice.

Catty. Justice!—revenge sure—Oh! revenge is sweet, and I'll have it.—Counsellor dear, I never went before Mr. Carver—you know him, Sir,—what sort is he?

O'Bla. A mighty good sort of gentleman—only mighty tiresome.

Catty. Aye that's what I hard—that he *is mighty* fond of talking to people for their good. Now that's what I dread, for I can't stand being talked to for my good.

O'Bla. 'Tis little use, I confess. We Irish is wonderful soon tired of goodness, *if there's no spice* of fun along with it,—and poor Carver's soft,—and between you and I, he's a little bothered,—but Mrs. Rooney, you won't repate?

Catty. Repate!—I—I'm neither watch nor repater—I scorn both—And between you and I, since you say so, Counshillor—that's my chiefest objection to Carver, whom I wouldn't know from Adam, except by reputation.—But its the report of the country, that he has common informers in his pay and favor; now that's mane, and I don't like it.

O'Bla. Nor I, Mrs. Rooney. I had experience of informers in the distillery line once.—The worst varmin that is ever encouraged in any house or country.—The very mintion of them makes me creep all over *still*.

Catty. Then 'tis Carver, *they say*, that has the oil of Rhodium for them; for they follow and fawn on him, like rats on the rat-catcher—of all sorts and sizes, he has 'em. They say, he sets them over, and after, one another; and has *lations* of them that he lets out on the craturs' cabins, to larn how many grains of salt every man takes with his little *prates*, and bring information if a straw would be stirring.

O'Bla. Aye, and if it would, then its Carver that would quake like the aspin leaf—I know that.—Its no malice at all in him; only just he's a mighty great poltroon.

Catty. Is that all? then I'd pity and laugh at him, and I go to him preferably to any other magistrate.

O'Bla. You may, Mrs. Rooney—for it's in terror of his life he lives, continually draming day and night, and croaking of carders and thrashers, and oak boys, and white boys, and peep-o'-day boys, and united boys, and ribbon-men, and men *and boys* of all sorts that have, and that have not been up and down the country since the rebellion.

Catty. . The poor crater!—But in case he'd prove refractory, and would not take my examinations,—*can't* I persecute my shute *again the M'Brides* for the bit of the bog of Ballynascraw, Counshillor?—Can't I *harash* 'em at law?

O'Bla. You can, Ma'am, harash them properly.—I've looked over your papers, and I'm happy to tell you, you may go on at law as soon and as long as you plase.

Catty. (*Speaking very rapidly.*) Bless you for that word, Counsellor; and by the first light to-morrow, I'll drive all the grazing cattle, every four-footed *baast*, off the land, and pound 'em in Ballynavogue; and if they replevy, why I'll distrain again, if it be forty times, I will go. I'll go on distraining, and I'll advertise, and I'll cant, and I'll sell the *distress* at the end of the eight days.—And if they dare for to go for to put a plough in that bit of reclaimed bog, I'll come down upon 'em with an injunction, and I would not value the expinse of bringing down a record a pin's pint; and if that went again me, I'd remove it to the courts above and wilcome; and after that, I'd go into equity, and if the Chancillor would not be my *friend*, I'd take it over to the House of Lords in London, so I would as soon as look at 'em, for I'd wear my feet to the knees for justice,—so I would.

O'Bla. That you would—you're an elegant lawyer, Mrs. Rooney; but have you the sinews of war?

Catty. Is it money, dear?—I have, and while ever I've one shilling to throw down to ould Matthew M'Bride's guinea, I'll go on; and every guinea he parts, will twinge his vitals; so I'll keep on while ever I've a fiv'-pinny bit, to rub on another—for my spirit is up.

O'Bla. Aye, aye, so you say—Catty,

my dear, your back's asy up, but its asy down again.

Catty. Not when I've been trod on as now, Counsellor, its then I'd turn and fly at a body, gentle or simple, like mad.

O'Bla. Well done, Catty, *(patting her on the back)*. There's my own pet mad cat—and there's a legal venom in her claws, that every scratch they'll give shall fester so, no plaister in law can heal it.

Catty. Oh, Counshillor, now, if you wouldn't be flattering a wake woman.

O'Bla. Wake woman!—not a bit of woman's wakeness in ye.—Oh, my cat-o'-cats!—Let any man throw her from him, which way he will, she's on her legs, and at him again, tooth and claw.

Catty. With nine lives, renewable for ever. (*Exit* Catty.)

O'Bla. (*Alone.*) There's a demon in woman's form set to work for me!—Oh, this works well—and no fear that the Roonies and M'Brides should ever come to an understanding to cut me out.—

Young Mr. Randal Rooney, my humble compliments to you, and I hope you'll become the willow which you'll soon have to wear for Miss Honor M'Bride's pretty sake. But I wonder the brother a'n't come up yet with the rist of her fortune. .(*Calls behind the scenes.*)——Mick? Jack? Jenny?—where's Pat?——Then why don't you know?—Run down a piece of the road towards Ballynascraw.—See would you see any body coming,—and bring me word would you see Phil M'Bride, you know flourishing Phil.——Now I'm prepared every way for the shupervishor, only I wish to have something genteel in my fist for him, and a show of cash flying about—nothing like it, to dazzle the eyes.

(*Exit* O'Blaney.)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in Mr. Carver's *House—Mr.* Carver *seated—a table, pens, ink, paper, and law-books.—A clerk, pen in hand.—On the right-hand side of Mr.* Carver, *stands Mrs.* Catty Rooney.—Randal Rooney *beside her, leaning against a pillar, his arms folded.—Behind Mrs.* Rooney, *three men, one remarkably tall, one remarkably little.—On the left-hand of Mr.* Carver*—stand* Old Matthew M'Bride, *leaning on his stick; beside him,* Philip M'Bride, *with his silver-hilted whip in his hand.——A Constable at some distance behind Mr.* Carver's *chair.—Mr.* Carver *looking over and placing his books, and seeming to speak to his clerk.*

Catty. (*Aside to her son.*) SEE I'll take it asy, and be very shivel and sweet wid him, till I'll see which side he'll lane, and how it will go with us, Roonies.—(*Mr.* Carver *rising, leans forward with both his hands on the table, as if going to speak, looks round, and clears his* throat *loudly.*)——Will I spake now, plase your honor?

Old M'B. Dacency, when you see his honor preparing his throat.——(*Mr.* Carver *clears his throat again.*)

Catty. (*curtsying between each sentence.*) Then I ixpect his honor will do me justice.—I got a great character of his honor.—I'd sooner come before your honor, than any jantleman in all Ireland—I'm sure your honor will stand my *frind.*——(*Clerk cries, silence !*)

Mr. Carv. Misguided people of Ballynavogue and Ballynascraw——

At the instant Carver *pronounces the word* Ballynavogue, Catty *curtsies, and all the* Roonies, *behind her, bow, and answer*—

"Here, plase your honor."

And when Mr. Carver *says,* Ballynascraw, *all the* M'Brides *bow, and reply—*

"Here, plase you honor."

Mr. Carv. (*Speaking with pomposity, but embarrassment, and clearing his throat frequently.*)—When I consider and look round me, gentlemen, and when I look round me and consider, how long a period of time I have had the honor to bear his Majesty's commission of the peace for this county.

Catty. (*Curtsying.*) Your honor's a good warrant, no doubt.

Mr. Carv. Hem!—hem!—also being a residentiary gentleman, at Bob's Fort—hem!—hem!—hem!—(*Coughs, and blows his nose.*)

Catty. (*Aside to her son.*) Choaking the cratur is, with the words he can't get out.—(*Aloud.*) Will I spake now, plase your honor?

Clerk. (*Cries*) Silence! silence!

Mr. Carv. And when I consider all the ineffectual attempts, I have made by eloquence and otherwise, to moralize and civilize you, gentlemen, and to eradicate all your heterogeneous or rebellious passions.

Catty. Not a rebel, good or bad, among us, plase your honor.

Clerk. Silence!

Mr. Carv. I say, my good people of Ballynavogue and Ballynascraw, I stand here really in unspeakable concern and astonishment, to notice at this fair time in my barony, these symptoms of a riot, gentlemen, and features of a tumult.

Catty. True, your honor, see—scarce a symptom of a fature lift in the face here of little Charley of Killaspugbrone, with the b'ating he got from them M'Brides, who bred the riot, entirely under Flourishing Phil, plase your honor.

Mr. Carv. (*Turning to* Phil M'Bride.) Mr. Philip M'Bride, son of old Matthew, quite a substantial man,—I am really concerned, Philip, to see you, whom I looked upon as a sort of, I had almost said, *gentleman.*

Catty. *Gentleman!* what sort? Is it because of the new topped boots, or by virtue of the silver-topped whip, and the bit of a red rag tied about the *troat*, (throat).—Then a gentleman's asy made now-a-days.

Young M'B. It seems 'tis not so asy any way now-a-days, to make a *gentlewoman*, Mrs. Rooney.

Catty. (*Springing forward angrily.*)—And is it me you mane, young man?

Randal. Oh mother, dear, don't be aggravating.

Mr. Carv. Clerk, why don't you maintain silence?

Catty. (*Pressing before her son.*)—Stand back then, Randal Rooney, don't you hear *silence*—don't be brawling before his honor. Go back wid yourself to your pillar, or post, and fould your arms, and stand like a fool that's in love, as you are. ——I beg your honor's pardon, but he's my son, and I can't help it.——But about our examinations, plase your honor, we're all come to swear—here's myself, and little Charley of Killaspugbrone, and big Briny of Cloone, and Ulick of Eliogarty—all ready to swear.

Mr. Carv. But have these gentlemen no tongues of their own, Madam?

Catty. No, plase your honor, little Charley has no English tongue, he has none but the native Irish.

Mr. Carv. Clerk, make out their examinations, with a *translation* and interpreter for Killaspugbrone.

Catty. Plase your honor, I being the lady, expicted I'd get lave to swear first.

Mr. Carv. And what would you swear, Madam, if you got leave, pray?—be careful now.

Catty. I'll tell you how it was out o' the face, plase your honor.—The whole Rooney faction——

Mr. Carv. *Faction!*—No such word in my presence, Madam.

Catty. Oh, but I'm ready to swear to it, plase your honor, in or out of the presence,—the whole Rooney faction, every Rooney, big or little, that was in it, was bet, and banished the town and fair of Ballynavogue, for no rason in life, by them M'Brides there, them scum o' the earth.

Mr. Carv. Gently, gently, my good-lady, no such thing in my presence, as scum o' the earth.

Catty. Well, Scotchmen, if your honor prefars.—But before a Scotchman, myself would prefar the poorest spalpeen —barring it be Phil, the buckeen—I ax pardon, (*curtsying*)—if a buckeen's the more honorable.

Mr. Carv. Irrelevant in toto, Madam; for buckeens and spalpeens are manners or species of men, unknown to, or not cognizable by the eye of the law. Against them, therefore, you cannot swear—but if you have any thing against Philip M'Bride.

Catty. Oh, I have plinty, and will swear, plase your honor, that he put me in bodily fear, and tore my jock, my blue *jock*, to tatters. Oh, by the vartue of this book, (*snatching up a book*)—and all the books that ever were shut or opened, I'll swear to the damage of five pounds, be the same more or less.

Mr. Carv. My good lady, *more or less*, will never do.

Catty. Forty shillings, any way, I'll swear to; and that's a felony, your honor, I hope?

Mr. Carv. Take time, and consult your conscience conscientiously, my good lady, while I swear these other men.——(*She examines the coat, holding it up to view.—Mr.* Carver *beckons to the Rooney party.*)

Mr. Carv. Beaten men! come forward.

Big Briny. Not *beaten*, plase your honor, only *bet.*

Ulick of Eliogarty. Only black eyes, plase your honor.

Mr. Carv. You, Mr. Charley, or Charles Rooney, of Killaspugbrone; you have read these examinations, and are you scrupulously ready to swear?

Catty. He is, and *will*, plase your honor, only he's the boy that has got no English tongue.

Mr. Carv. I wish *you* had none, Madam,—ha! ha! ha!—(*The two* M'Brides *laugh—the* Roonies *look grave.*) You, Ulick Rooney, of Eliogarty, *are these* your examinations?

Catty. He can't write, nor rade writing from his cradle, plase your honor; but can make his mark, equal to another, Sir.—It has been read to him any way, Sir, plase your honor.

Mr. Carv. And you, Sir, who style yourself big Briny of Cloon—you think yourself a great man, I suppose?

Catty. Its what many does, that has got less rason, plase your honor.

Mr. Carv. Understand, my honest friend, that there is a vast difference between looking big and being great.

Big Briny. I see—I know, your honor.

Mr. Carv. Now, gentlemen, all of you, before I hand you the book to swear these examinations; there is one thing, of which I must warn and apprize you,—that I am most remarkably clear sighted: consequently there can be no *thumb-kissing* with me, gentlemen.

Big Briny. We'll not ax it, plase your honor.

Catty. No Rooney, living or dead, was ever guilty, or taxed with the like. (*Aside to her son.*) Oh, they'll swear iligant.—We'll flog the world and have it all our own way—oh, I knew we'd get justice—or I'd know why.

Clerk. Here's the book, sir, to swear complainants.—(*Mr.* Carver *comes forward.*)

Mr. Carv. Wait!—wait, I must hear both sides.

Catty. Both sides! oh, plase your honor—only bother you!

Mr. Carv. Madam, it is my duty to have ears for all men—Mr. Philip, now for your defence.

Catty. He has none in nature, plase your honor.

Mr. Carv. Madam, you have had my ear long enough, be silent, at your peril.

Catty. Ogh!—ogh!—silent!

(*She groans piteously.*)

Mr. Carv. Sir, your defence, without any preamble or preambulation.

Phil. I've no defence to make, plase your honor, but that I'm innocent.

Mr. Carv. (*Shaking his head.*) The worst defence in law, my good friend, unless you've witnesses.

Phil. All present that time in the fair, was too busy fighting for themselves, to witness for me, that I was not; except I'd call upon one that would clear me entirely, which is that there young man on the opposite side.

Catty. Oh, the impudent fellow.—Is it my son ?

Old' M'B. Is it Randal Rooney ?—Why Phil, are you turned *innocent.*

Phil. I am not, father, at all.—But with your lave, I call on Randal Rooney, for he is an undeniable honorable man,—I refer all to his evidence.

Randal. Thank you, Phil.—I'll witness the truth on whatever side.

Catty. (*Rushes in between them, exclaiming, in a tremendous tone.*)—If you do—Catty Rooney's curse be upon——

Randal. (*Stops her mouth, and struggles to hold his mother back.*) Oh, mother, you couldn't curse.

All the Roonies *get about her, and exclaim,* Oh, Catty, your son—*you couldn't curse !*

Mr. Carv. Silence, and let *me* be heard. —Leave this lady to me, I know how to manage these feminine vixens.—Mrs. Catherine Rooney, listen to me—you are a reasonable woman.

Catty. I am not, nor don't pretend to it, plase your honor.

Mr. Carv. But you can hear reason, Madam, I presume, from the voice of authority.

Catty. No, plase your honor—I'm deaf, stone deaf.

Mr. Carv. No trifling with me, Madam, give me leave to advise you a little for your good.

Catty. Plase your honor, its of no use—from a child up I never could stand to be advised for my good. See, I'd get hot and hotter, plase your honor, till I'd bounce !—I'd fly !—I'd burst !—and myself does not know what mischief I mightn't do.

Mr. Carv. Constable! take charge of this cursing and cursed woman, who has not respect for man or magistrate. Away with her out of my presence.—I commit her for a contempt.

Randal. (*Eagerly.*) Oh! plase your honor, I beg your honor's pardon for her—my mother—entirely. Whin she is in her rason, she has the greatest respect for the whole Bench, and your honor above all.—Oh! your honor, be plasing this once!—Excuse her, and I'll go bail for her, she won't say another word, till she'd get the nod from your honor.

Mr. Carv. On that condition only, I am willing to pass over the past.—Fall back, constable.

Catty. (*Aside.*) Why then, Gerald O'Blaney misled me.—This Carver is a *fauterer* of the Scotch.—Bad luck to every bone in his body!—(*As* Catty *says this, her son draws her back, and tries to pacify her.*)

Mr. Carv. Is she muttering, constable?

Randal. Not a word, plase your honor, only just telling herself to be *quite* (quiet).—Oh, mother, dearest, I'll kneel to plase you.

Catty. Kneel! oh, to an ould woman like me—no standing that! So here, on my hunkers I am, for your sake, Randal, and not a word, good or bad!—Can woman do more?—(*She sits with her fingers on her lips.*)

Mr. Carv. Now for your defence, Philip,—be short, for mercy's sake!—(*pulling out his watch.*)

Phil. Not to be detaining your honor too long.—I was in Ballynavogue this forenoon, and was just—that is, Miss Car'line Flaherty was just——

Mr. Carv. Miss Caroline Flaherty! what in nature, can she have to do with the business?

Phil. Only axing me, Sir, she was, to play the flageolets, which was the rason I was sitting at Flaherty's.

Mr. Carv. Address yourself to the court, young man.

Phil. Sitting at Flaherty's—taking *ta* (tea)—in the parlor, with the door open, and all the M'Brides which was *in it* was in the room *without*, (in the outer room) taking a toombler a punch I trated 'em to—but not drinking—not a man *out o' the way*—sober as *jidges* (judges)—when in comes that gentlewoman.—(*Pointing to Mrs.* Rooney.—Randal *groans.*)—Never fear, Randal, I'll tell it as soft as I can.

Old M'B. Soft, why?—Mighty soft cratur ever since he was born, plase your honor, tho' he's my son.

Mr. Carv. (*Putting his finger on his lips.*) Friend Matthew, no reflections in a court of justice ever. Go on, Philip.

Phil. So some one having tould Mrs. Rooney lies, as I'm confident, Sir,—for she come in quite *mad*, and abused my sister Honor; accusing her, before all, of being sitting and giving her company to Randal Rooney, at Flaherty's, drinking, and something about a ring, and a meeting behind the chapel, which I couldn't understand;—but it fired me, and I stepped—but I recollected I'd promised Honor not to let her provoke me to lift a hand good or bad—so I stepped across very civil, and I said to her, says I, Ma'am, its all lies—some one has been belying Honor M‘Bride to you, Mrs. Rooney.

(Catty *sighs and groans, striking the back of one hand reiteratedly into the palm of the other—rises—beats the devil's tattoo as she stands—then claps her hands again.)*

Mr. Carv. That woman has certainly more ways of making a noise, without speaking, than any woman upon earth. Proceed, Philip.

Phil. Depind on it, its all lies, Mrs. Rooney, says I, Ma'am.—No but *you* lie, flourishing Phil, says she.—With that every M‘Bride, to a man, rises from the table, catching up chairs and stools, and toomblers and jugs, to revenge Honor and me. Not for your life, boys, don't *let-drive* ne'er a one of yees, said I—she's a woman, and a widow woman, and only a *scould* from her birth.—So they held their hands; but she giving tongue bitter, 'twas hard for flesh and blood to stand it.—Now, for the love of heaven and me, sit down all, and be *quite* as lambs, and finish your poonch like gentlemen, Sirs, said I:—so saying, I *tuk* Mrs. Rooney up in my arms tenderly as I would a bould child—she screeching and screeching like mad:—whereupon her jock caught on the chair, pocket-hole or something, and give one rent from head to *fut*—and that was the tattering of the jock.—So we got her to the door, and there she spying her son by ill-luck in the street, directly stretches out her arms, and kicking my shins, plase your honor, till I could not hold her,—"Murder! Randal Rooney," cries she, "and will you see your own mother murdered?"

Randal. Them were the very words, I acknowledge, she used, which put me past my rason, no doubt.

Phil. Then Randal Rooney, being past his rason, turns to all them Roonies that were *in no condition.*

Mr. Carv. That were, what we in English would call, *drunk*, I presume?

Randal. Something very near it, plase your honor.

Phil. Sitting on the bench outside the door they were, when Randal came out; "Up Roonies, and at 'em!" cried he; and up to be sure they flew, shillelahs and all, like lightning, daling blows on all of us, M'Brides;—but I never lifted a hand; and Randal, I'll do him justice, avoided to lift a hand against me.

Randal. And while I live I'll never forget *that* hour, nor *this* hour, Phil, and all your generous construction.

Catty. (*Aside.*) Why then it almost softens me; but I won't be made a fool on.

Mr. Carv. (*Who has been re-considering the examinations.*)—It appears to me that you, Mr. Philip M'Bride, did as the law allows—only *lay hands softly* upon complainant, Catherine Rooney, and the Roonies, as it appears, struck, and did strike the first blow.

Randal. I can't deny, plase your honor, we did.

Mr. Carv. (*Tearing the examinations.*)

Then, gentlemen—you, Roonies—*beaten men*, I cannot possibly take your examinations——

(*When the examinations are torn, the* M'Brides *all bow, and thank his honor.*)

Mr. Carv. Beaten men! depart in peace.

(*The* Roonies *sigh and groan, and after turning their hats several times—bow—walk a few steps away—return, and seem loath to depart.* Catty *springs forward, holding up her hands joined in a supplicating attitude to Mr.* Carver.)

Randal. If your honor would be plasing to let her spake now, or she'd burst, may be.

Mr. Carv. Speak now, woman, and ever after hold your tongue.

Catty. Then I am rasonable now, plase your honor—for I'll put it to the test—see I'll withdraw my examinations entirely, and I'll recant—and I'll go farther, I'll own I'm wrong—(though I know I'm right)—and I'll beg your pardon, M'Brides, if—(but I know I'll not have to beg your pardon either)—but I say I *will* beg your pardon, M'Brides, *if*, mind *it*, you will accept my test, and it fails me.

Mr. Carv. Very fair, Mrs. Rooney.

Old M'B. What is it she's saying?

Phil. What test, Mrs. Rooney.

Randal. Dear mother, name your test.

Catty. Let Honor M'Bride be summoned, and if she can prove she took no ring, and was not behind the chapel with Randal, nor drinking at Flaherty's with him, the time she was, I give up all.

Randal. Agreed, with all the pleasure in life, mother. Oh, may I run for her?

Old M'B. Not a fut, you Sir—go, Phil dear.

Phil. That I will, like a lapwing, father.

Mr. Carv. Where to, Sir—where so precipitate?

Phil. Only to fetch my sister.

Mr. Carv. Your sister, Sir?—then you

need not go far—your sister, Honor M'Bride, is, I have reason to believe, in this house.

Catty. So.—Under whose protection, I wonder?

Mr. Carv. Under the protection of Mrs. Carver, Madam, into whose service she was desirous to engage herself; and whose advice——

Clerk. Shall I, if you please, Sir, call Honor in?

Mr. Carv. If you please.

(*A silence.*—Catty *stands biting her thumb.*—Old M'Bride *sits down, leans his chin upon his hands on his stick, and never stirs, even his eyes*—Young M'Bride *looks out eagerly to the side at which* Honor *is expected to enter*—Randal *looks over his shoulder—exclaims—*)

Randal. There she comes!—Innocence in all her looks.

Catty. Oh! that we shall see soon. No making a fool of me.

Old M'B. My daughter's step—I

should know it—(*aside*) how my ould heart bates.

(*He rises as she enters. Mr.* Carver *takes a chair out of the way.*)

Catty. Walk in—walk on, Miss Honor. Oh to be sure, Miss Honor will have justice.

Enter Honor M'Bride, (*walking very timidly*).

And no need to be ashamed, Miss Honor, until you're found out.

Mr. Carv. Silence!

Old M'B. Thank your honor.

(*Mr.* Carver *whispers to his Clerk, and directs him, while the following speeches go on.*)

Catty. That's a very pretty curtsy, Miss Honor—walk on, pray—all the gentlemen's admiring you—my son Randal beyant all.

Randal. Mother, I won't bear——

Catty. Can't you find a sate for her, any of yees—here's a stool—give it her, Randal—(Honor *sits down*).—And I hope it won't prove the stool of repentance, Miss or Madam. Oh, bounce your forehead, Randal—truth must out, you've put it to the test, Sir.

Randal. I desire no other for her or myself.

(*The father and brother take each a hand of* Honor—*support and sooth her*).

Catty. I'd pity you, Honor, myself—only I know you a M'Bride—and know you're desaving me, and all present.

Mr. Carv. Call that other witness I allude to, clerk, into our presence without delay.

Clerk. I shall, Sir. (*Exit Clerk.*)

Catty. We'll see!—We'll see all soon—and the truth will come out, and shame the *dibbil* and the M'Brides.

Randal. (*Looking out.*)—The man I bet, as I'm a sinner!

Catty. What?—which?—where?—True for ye!—I was wondering I did not see the man you bet appear again ye: and this is he, with the head bound up in the garter, coming—miserable cratur he looks—who would he be?

Randal. You'll see all soon, mother.

Enter Pat Coxe, *his head bound up.*

Mr. Carv. Come on—walk on boldly, friend.

Catty. Pat Coxe! saints above!

Mr. Carv. Take courage, you are under my protection here—no one will dare to touch you.

Randal. (*With infinite contempt.*) Touch ye!—not I, ye dirty dog!

Mr. Carv. No, Sir, you have done enough that way already, it appears.

Honor. Randal! what, has Randal done this?

Mr. Carv. Now observe—this Mr. Patrick Coxe, aforesaid, has taken refuge with me—for he is, it seems, afraid to appear before his master, Mr. O'Blaney, this night, after having been beaten; tho', as he assures me, he has been beaten without any provocation whatsoever, by you, Mr. Randal Rooney—answer, Sir, to this matter?

Randal. I don't deny it, Sir, I bet him 'tis true.

Pat. To a jelly—without marcy—he did, plase your honor, Sir.

Randal. Sir, plase your honor, I gno rason to suspect this man to be the author of all them lies, that was tould backwards and forwards to my mother about me and Miss Honor M'Bride, which made my mother mad, and driv' her to raise the riot, plase your honor— I charged Pat with the lies, and he shirked, and could give me no satisfaction, but kept swearing he was no liar, and bid me keep my distance, for he'd a pocket pistol about him.—" I don't care " what you have about you—you have " not the truth about ye, nor in ye," says I,—" ye are a liar, Pat Coxe," says I,—so he cocked the pistol at me, saying, *that* would prove me a coward—with that I wrenched the pistol from him, and *bet* him in a big passion.—I own to that, plase your honor—there I own I was wrong, (*turning to* Honor) to demane myself lifting my hand any way.

Mr. Carv. But it is not yet proved that this man has told any lies.

Randal. If he has tould no lies, I

wronged him—speak, mother—(Coxe *gets behind* Catty, *and twitches her gown,*) was it he who was the informer, or not?

Catty. Nay, Pat Coxe, if you lied, I'll not skreen you; but if you tould the truth, stand out like a man and stand to it, and I'll stand by you, against my own son even, Randal, if he was the author of the report. In plain words then, he, Pat Coxe, tould me, that she, Honor M'Bride, gave you, Randal Rooney, the meeting behind the chapel, and you gave her the ring—and then she went with you to drink at Flaherty's.

Honor. (*Starting up.*) Oh! who *could* say the like of me?

Catty. There he stands—now, Pat, you must stand or fall—will you swear to what you said? (Old M'Bride *and* Phil *approach* Pat.)

Mr. Carv. This is not the point before me; but, however, I waive that objection.

Randal. Oh mother, don't put him to his oath, lest he'd perjure himself.

Pat. I'll swear—do you think I'd be making a liar of myself?

Honor. Father—Phil, dear!—hear me one word.

Randal. Hear her—oh hear her—go to her.

Honor. (*In a low voice.*) Would you ask at what time it was, he pretends I was taking the ring, and all that?

Old M'B. Plase your honor, would you ask the rascal what time?

Mr. Carv. Don't call him rascal, Sir—no *rascal*'s in my presence.—What time did you see Honor M'Bride behind the chapel, Pat Coxe?

Pat. As the clock struck twelve—I mind—by the same token the workmen's bell rang as usual; that same time, just as I seen Mr. Randal there putting the ring on her finger, and I said "*there's the bell ringing for a wedding,*" says I.

Mr. Carv. To whom did you say that, Sir?

Pat. To myself, plase your honor—I'll tell you the truth.

Honor. Truth! That time the clock struck twelve and the bell rang, I was happily here in this house, Sir.

Mr. Carv. At Bob's Fort?—what witness?

Honor. If I might take the liberty to call one could do me justice.

Mr. Carv. No liberty in justice—speak out.

Honor. If I might trouble Mrs. Carver herself?

Mr. Carv. Mrs. Carver will think it no trouble (*rising with dignity*) to do justice, for she has been the wife to one of his majesty's justices of the peace for many years. (*Sends a servant for Mrs.* Carver.)

Mr. Carv. Mrs. Carver, my dear, I must summon you to appear in open court, at the suit or prayer of Honor M'Bride.

(*Enter Mrs.* Carver, *who is followed by Miss* Bloomsbury *on tiptoe.*)

Mrs. Carv. Willingly.

Mr. Carv. The case lies in a nutshell, my dear—there is a man who swears that Honor was behind the chapel, with Randal Rooney, putting on a ring, when the clock struck twelve, and our workmen's bell rang this morning.—Honor avers she was at Bob's Fort with you—now as she could not be, like a bird, in two places at once—was she with you?

Mrs. Carv. Honor M'Bride was with me when the workmen's bell rang, and when the clock struck twelve this day—she staid with me till two o'clock.

All the Roonies, *except* Catty, *exclaim*—Oh, no going beyond the lady's word!

Mrs. Carv. And I think it but justice to add, that Honor M'Bride has this day given me such proofs of her being a good girl, a good daughter, and a good sister, that she has secured my good opinion and good wishes for life.

Mr. Carv. And mine in consequence.

Bloom. And mine of course. (Honor *curtsies.*)

(Old M'Bride *bows very low to Mr.* Carver, *and again to Mrs.* Carver—Phil *bows to Mr. and Mrs.* Carver, *but much lower to Miss* Bloomsbury.)

Old M'B. Where are you now, Catty?—and you, Pat, ye unfortinate liar?

Pat. (*Falling on his knees.*) On me

knees, I am—oh, I am an unfortinate liar, and I beg your honor's pardon this once.

Mr. Carv. A most abandoned liar, I pronounce you.

Pat. Oh! I hope your honor won't abandon me, for I didn't know Miss Honor was under her ladyship, Mrs. Carver's favor and purtection, or I'd sooner ha' cut my tongue out clane—and I expect your honor won't turn your back on me quite, for this is the first lies I ever was found out in since my creation; and how could I help, when it was by my master's particlar desire?

Mr. Carv. Your master! honest Gerald O'Blaney!—

Catty. O'Blaney!—save us! (*Lifting up her hands and eyes.*)

Mr. Carv. Take care, Pat Coxe.

Pat. Mr. O'Blaney, Ma'am—plase your honor—all truth now—the counshillor, that same and no other, as I've breath in my body—for why should I tell a lie now, when I've no place in my eye, and not a ha'porth to get by it—I'll confess all.—It was by my master's orders, that I should set you, Mrs. Rooney, and your pride up, Ma'am, again' making up with them M'Brides.—I'll tell the truth now, plase your honor—that was the cause of the lies I mentioned about the ring and chapel—I'll tell more, if you'll bind Mr. Randal to keep the pace.

Randal. I?—ye dirty dog!—Didn't I tell ye already, I'd *not* dirty my fingers with the likes?

Pat. All Mr. Gerald O'Blaney's aim was to ruin Mr. Randal Rooney, and set him by the ears with that gentleman, Mr. Phil M'Bride, the brother, and they to come to blows and outrage, and then be in disgrace committed by his honor.

Randal. (*Turning to* Honor M'Bride.) Honor, you saved all—your brother and I never lifted our hands against one another, thanks be to heaven, and you dearest.

Catty. And was there no truth in the story of the chapel and the ring?

Pat. Not a word of truth, but lies, Mrs. Rooney, dear Ma'am, of the master's putting into my mouth out of his own head.

(Catty Rooney *walks firmly and deliberately across the room to* Honor M'Bride.)

Catty. Honor M'Bride, I was wrong; and here, publicly, as I traduced you, I ax your pardon before his honor, and your father—and your brother—and before Randal—and before my faction and his.

(*Both* Roonies *and* M'Brides *all, excepting* Old M'Bride, *clap their hands and huzza.*)

Mr. Carv. I ought to reprove this acclamation—but this once I let it pass.

Phil. Father, you said nothing—what do you say, Sir?

Old M'B. (*Never moving.*) I say nothing at all—I never doubted Honor, and knew the truth must appear—that's all I say.

Honor. Oh! father dear—more you will say—(*shaking his stick gently*). Look up at me, and remember the promise you gave me, when Catty should be rasonable—and is not she rasonable now?

Old M‘B. I did not hear a word from her about the bog of Ballynascraw.

Catty. Is it the pitiful bit?—No more about it!—make crame cheeses of it,—what care I, 'twas only for pride I stood —not *that* I'm thinking of now!

B. Well then! miracles will ease!—here's one in your favour, r; so take her, Randal, fortune and —a wife of five hundred.

Randal. (*Kneeling.*) Oh! happiest of n, I am this minute.

Catty. I the same, if she had not a pinny in the world.

Mr. Carv. *Happiest of men!*—Don't kneel or go into extacies now, I beg, till I know the *rationale* of this.—Was not I consulted?—did not I give my opinion and advice in favor of another?

Old M‘B. You was—you did—plase your honor, and I beg your honor's pardon, and Mr. Counsellor O'Blaney's.

Mr. Carv. And did not you give your

consent?—I must think him a very ill-used person.

Old M'B. I gave my consint only in case he could win hers, plase your honor, and he could *not*—and I could not break my own daughter's heart, and I beg your honor's pardon.

Mr. Carv. I don't know how that may be, Sir, but I gave my approbation to the match, and I *really* am not accustomed to have my advice or opinion neglected, or controverted. Yet, on the other hand——

Enter a Footman with a note, which he gives to Mr. Carver.

Old M'B. (*Aside to* Phil.) Say something for me, Phil, can't ye—I hav'n't a word.

Mr. Carv. (*Rising with a quicker motion than usual.*) Bless me! bless me! here is a revolution! and a counter revolution! —Here's news will make you all in as great astonishment as I own I am.

Old M'B. What is it?

Randal. I'm made for life—I don't care what comes.

Honor. Nor I,—so it is not to touch you, I'm happy.

Catty. Oh! your honor, spake quick, *this time*—I beg pardon!

Mr. Carv. Then I have to confess that *for once*, I have been deceived and mistaken in my judgment of a man; and what is more, of a man's *circumstances* completely—O'Blaney.

Old M'B. What of his circum*stances*, oh! Sir, in the name of mercy?

Mr. Carv. Bankrupt, at this instant, all under seizure to the supervisor. Mr. Gerald O'Blaney has fled the country.

Old M'B. Then Honor you are without a penny; for all her fortune, 500*l*., was in his hands.

Randal. Then I'm as happy to have her without a penny—happier I am to prove my love pure.

Catty. God bless you for my own son. —That's our way of thinking, Mr. M'Bride—you see it was not for the fortune.

Honor. Oh! Phil, didn't I tell you her heart was right?

Catty. We will work hard—cheer up, M'Brides. Now the Roonies and M'Brides has joined, you'll see we'll defy the world, and O'Blaney, the *chate* of *chates.*

Honor. Randal's own mother!

Catty. Aye now, we are all one family—now pull together.—Don't be cast down, Phil dear. *I'll* never call you *flourishing Phil* again, so don't be standing on pride. Suppose your shister has not a pinny, she's better than the best, and I'll love her and fold her to my ould warm heart,—and the daughter of my heart she is now.

Honor. Oh, mother!—for you are my mother now—and happy I am to have a mother in you.

Mr. Carv. I protest it makes me almost—almost—blow my nose.

Catty. Why then, you're a good cratur.—But who tould you I was a vixen, dear,—plase your honor?

Mr. Carv. Your friend that is gone.

Catty. O'Blaney?—

Randal. *Frind!* He never was frind to none—least of all to hisself.

Catty. Oh! the double-distilled villain!—He tould your honor *I* was a vixen, and fond of law.—Now would you believe what I'm going to till you—he tould me of his honor——

Mr. Carv. Of me, his patron?—

Catty. Of you, his patron, *Sir*.—He tould me your honor—which is a slander, as we all here can witness, can't we? by his honor's contempt of Pat Coxe.—Yet O'Blaney said, you was as fond and proud of having informers about you, as a rat-catcher is of rats.

Mr. Carv. Mistress Catherine Rooney, and all you good people,—there is a great deal of difference between obtaining information, and encouraging common informers.

Catty. There is, I'm sinsible. (*Aside to her son.*) Then he's a good mag*is*trate, except a little pompous, mighty good.

(*Aloud to Mr.* Carver.) Then I beg your honor's pardon for my bad behavior, and bad language and all.—'Twas O'Blaney's fau't—but he's down, and don't trample on the fallen.

Old M'B. Don't defind O'Blaney.—Oh! the villain, to rob me of all my hard arnings.—Mrs. Catty, I thank you as much as a heavy heart can, for you're ginerous, and you, Randal, for your——

Randal. Is it for loving her, when I can't help it—who could?

Old M'B. (*Sighing deeply.*) But still it goes against the father's heart to see his child, his pride, go pennyless out of his house.

Phil. Then, Sir, father dear, I have to tell you, she is not pennyless.—But I would not tell you before, that Randal and Catty too, might shew themselves what they are. Honor is not pennyless, the three hundred you gave me to lodge with O'Blaney, is safe here.—(*Opening his pocket book.*)—When I was going to him with it as you ordered, by great luck, I was stopped by this very quarrel and riot in Ballynavogue:—he was the original cause of kicking up the riot, and was summoned before your honor,—and here's the money.

Old M'B. Oh! she's not pinnyless! Well, I never saw money with so much pleasure, in all my long days, nor could I think I'd ever live to give it away with half so much satisfaction as this minute I here give it, Honor, to Randal Rooney and you:—and bless ye, child, with the man of *your* choice, who is *mine* now.

Mrs. Carv. (*Aside to Mr.* Carver.) My dear, I wish to invite all these good people to a wedding dinner; but really I am afraid I shall blunder in saying their names—will you prompt me?

Mr. Carv. (*Aside to Mrs.* Carver.) Why really I am not used to be a prompter; however, I will condescend to prompt *you*, Mrs. Carver. (*He prompts, while she speaks.*)

Mrs. Carv. Mr. Big Briny, of Cloon, Mr. Ulick, of Eliogarty, Mr. Charley, of

Killaspugbrone, and you, Mrs. Catty Rooney, and you, Mr. M'Bride, senior, and you, Mr. Philip M'Bride, no longer *flourishing Phil*; since you are now all reconciled, let me have the pleasure of giving you a reconciliation dinner, at the wedding of Honor M'Bride, who is an honor to her family, and Randal Rooney, who so well deserves her love.

The M'Brides *and* Roonies *join in the cry of*

Long life and great luck to your ladyship, that was always good.

Mr. Carv. And you comprehend that I beg that the wedding may be celebrated at Bob's Fort.

All join in crying

Long may your honor's honor reign over us in glory at Bob's-Fort.

Catty. (*Cracking her fingers.*) A fig for the bog of Ballynascraw!—Now 'tis all LOVE and no LAW!

THE TWO GUARDIANS;

A Drama,

IN

THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

St. Albans	*A young West Indian, heir to a large fortune.*
Beauchamp Courtington	*Son of Lord and Lady Courtington.*
Mr. Onslow	*One of St. Albans's Guardians.*
Popkin	*An impertinent Footman of Lady Courtington's.*
Blagrave	*Coachman (of the same stamp), in Lady C—'s Service.*
Quaco	*A black Boy, belonging to St. Albans.*
M. le Grand	*Dancing Master.*

WOMEN.

Lady Courtington	*Lady of Lord Courtington, one of St. Albans' Guardians.*
Juliana	*Lady Courtington's Daughter.*
Mrs. St. Albans	*Mother of St. Albans.*
Mrs. Beauchamp	*A Widow, in distress—related to the Courtingtons.*
Mrs. Clarke	*Lady Courtington's Woman.*

Dancers—Three Miss Minchins, and Captain Mardyke.

The Two Guardians.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Lord Courtington's House.—An Anti-chamber.

Popkin, *stretched in an Arm-chair, looking over a Newspaper.*

Pop. (*Reads*) " WANTS a sitiation as
" footman,—young man undeniable good
" character."—" Wants a sitiation as
" own man."—" Own man and butler—
" character bear strictest scrutiny—ho-

" nesty and sobriety."—Some low fellow. —" No objection to look after a horse, or " to go behind a carriage,—no objection " to town or country." (*Rising, throws the paper from him.*)—" No objection!" —Now this is the way masters and mistresses is spoilt and set up by these pitiful, famishing, out of place rascals, that makes no objection to nothing.—Well, thank my stars and myself, I'm none of your wants-a-sitiation scrubs.

Enter Blagrave.

Bla. How are you, Mr. Popkin?—Do you know where is Mr. Beauchamp, or Mr. St. Albans?

Pop. Not I.—I reckoned they was in the stables with you.

Bla. No, they ha'n't been wi' me yet, and I must see master, about his horse Cacafogo.

Pop. Harkee, Blag.!—a word with you.—(*Holding out his hand.*) Touch there, Blag.—Shake hands upon it,—draw together coachy, and we two will have it all our own way, above and below stairs.

Bla. They say these St. Albans's is rolling in gold.

Pop. Aye, quite a West Indian nabob, that the mother has brought over to us here for edication.

Bla. And we'll teach him a thing or two.—If he puts up his horses with us, there will be fine doings, I warrant.

Pop. And there'll be a brave match for Miss Juliana in due course; and meantime he and our Mr. Beauchamp will be cutting a fine dash about town, for this minor's to have a swinging allowance—may play away as he pleases, if my lord's acting guardian.—This guardianship will be a pretty penny, I warrant, in my lord's pocket, who, between you and I, wants a ready penny as bad as any one man in the house of Lords, or Commons either.

Bla. Then that's a bold word, Pop, but I believe you're not much out:—the turf for that.—When's my lord to be up from Newmarket?

Pop. I can't say—they expect him to day; and for sartin, I know my lady's on thorns till he comes, for fear this young heir should slip through their fingers.

Bla. Slip!—why, how can he slip?—Ha'n't my lord the reins in his own hands?—i'n't he guardian by law?

Pop. A word in your ear.—There's two on the box, and its who shall drive, and which shall get the whip-hand—plain English,—there's two guardians by the will.

Bla. Two guardians!—by the laws that may make a difference!—I never heard that afore.

Pop. Why, man—what ailed your ears yesterday at dinner, when that was all the talk?

Bla. My ears!—Why, there was such a cursed din o'knives and forks, and clatter o'plates, and a bore of a woman bawling at me for some thing, just in the nick ;—but how is it to be ?—come, tell a man.

Pop. Why, that's to be seen to-day. The two guardians 'pointed by the will is my lord and Old Onslow.

Bla. That's the country gentleman, that's just come up to Town.—But who's to chuse the guardian, I say ?—

Pop. The mother.

Bla. The mother ! Mrs. St. Albans, that's here ?—she looks mighty quiet, as quiet as a mouse. Suppose now, she should chuse the son to live in the country with Old Onslow.

Pop. Suppose the moon was made of cream cheese !—Whoever heard of a woman's chusing to live in the country, that was her own mistress, and had a fortin to live in town.

Bla. You knows best.

Pop. I do know best, to be sure.—Besides, look at me, honest Blag.

Bla. Well, Mr. Popkin, for sartain sure you be main clever at in-doors work ;

—but I must find master Beauchamp about Cacafogo. (*Rapping at the door.*) And there bees a double rap for you.

(*Exit* Blagrave.)

Pop. Double knock!—let 'em wait—teach 'em patience,—but where's that black boy of Mr. St. Albans'—that Quaco!—What has he got to do, in the 'varsal world, but answer the door for me?—I don't know rightly what to make of that fellow, with the big whites of his eyes moving about so quick.

(*Exit* Popkin.)

SCENE II.

Lady Courtington's Back Drawing-Room.

Juliana, *running over the Keys of the Piano-Forte.*

Juliana, (*Singing.*)

"The first time at the looking-glass,
"The mother sets her daughter;
"The image strikes the smiling lass,
"With self-love ever after."

(*Rising and coming forward, repeats*)

"The first time at the looking-glass,
"The mother sets her daughter."

How vastly good, and vastly stupid that daughter was, to wait till her mother set her at the looking-glass. Had girls no eyes in those days?—My mamma sighs, and says, in her moralizing tone, "*Beauty is such a dangerous thing for young girls,*"—that it ought to be kept only for old women, I suppose. Then while she is dressing me—no, while she is dressing herself, she is so sentimental about it,—"My dear Juliana, (*mimicking a sentimental tone*), one must be at the trouble of dressing, because one must sacrifice to appearances in this world; but I value only the graces of the mind." Yes, mamma,—(*as if spoken aside*), that's the reason you are *rouging* yourself.—(*In the mother's tone.*) "Beauty after all is such a transient flower."—"So I see, mamma"——(*she starts.*) Mercy!—here's mamma coming!—I must be found practising.—(*Begins to play a serious lesson.*)

Enter Beauchamp.

Beau. Practising, Ju!—Practising for ever!—What a bore!

Jul. La! brother, you frightened me so!—I thought it was mamma, and after all 'tis only you.

Beau. *Only* me! That's a good one! —Cool! faith.—But come here now, Ju; if you've any taste, admire me, just as I stand!—from top to toe!—all the go!—Hey?

Jul. No, this thing about your neck is horrid—I'll make it right.

Beau. Hands off!—not for your life.

Jul. As you please; but I assure you, you are all wrong.

Beau. All right——

Jul. At Eton, may be, but not in Lon'on, I can tell you.

Beau. You can tell me!—and how should you know, when you are *not out* yet?

Jul. But I suppose I've eyes, tho' I'm not out; and, my dear Beauchamp, consider, I saw the duke of Beltravers but yesterday.

Beau. Very likely, my darling.—But to settle your mind at once, this is the way Blagrave wears his.—This is the knowing touch—the more like your coachman, the more like a gentleman.

Enter Popkin.

Pop. Mr. Lichenschwartz, Ma'am.

Beau. Mr. who the deuce is it?

Jul. Only one of my dozen masters, brother.

Pop. The little pug-faced fellow, Sir, the dirty fellow as you wondered to meet t'other day on the stairs, with the weeds and stones in the blue handkerchief.

Beau. What in heaven do you do with that fellow, Ju?

Jul. Oh! brother, Professor Von Lichenschwartz is a very famous man—he dines with the duke of Beltravers,—and he teaches me and the Miss Minchins mineralogy, and botany, and chemistry, twice a week.

Pop. Shall I let him in, Ma'am?

Jul. No, no—not to day—Give him a ticket, Popkin, and send him off;—but don't let mamma see you. Tell him I've a horrid head-ache;—but don't let mamma hear you.

Pop. Certainly not, Miss—of course.

Jul. Stay, Popkin.—Upon second thoughts you must not give him a ticket, for he is such a fool:—he told mamma once when he got a ticket, without my taking a lesson—so no ticket, Popkin, if you can get rid of him without it.

Pop. Trust me for that, Miss;—I pretty well knows how to deal with them pedestrian philosophers.

(*Exit* Popkin, *after making a pirouette.*)

Beau. Popkin is quite a wit, I think.

Jul. The cleverest creature!—I don't know what I could have done without him.—Oh! brother, *you* who have been going on just as you please at Eton, driving tandems, and drinking champagne, and giving suppers and breakfasts.

Beau. Nota bene!—Eighteen different ices, at my take-leave supper, as I'm a sinner!

Jul. A sinner, indeed!—and here am I——

Beau. A saint, I suppose!

Jul. A martyr at all events.—You have no notion what I have been going through all this time here at home in this course of education—a master for every hour, and sometimes two in one hour.

Beau. Faith, that's too bad!—to set 'em riding double on your hours!—But why didn't ye kick, or take a sulk, or grow *rusty*, as Blagrave says.

Jul. No use in kicking.—Sulky I was, as ever I could be, but then somehow they coaxed and flattered me out of it.

Beau. Aye, flattery!—not a woman c a girl that ever was born can stand flattery, so they had you there, Ju!—Hey?—and the bear that has danced, is in chains for ever.

Jul. That is the misery!—[illegible] if it had not been for Popkin, who taught me to slip out of my chains, I must have died of the confinement.

Beau. Famous wife you'll make, Ju!—Capital hand you'll be at bamboozling a husband, when you've had such practice.

Jul. La! now don't you say that, Beauchamp—don't you say that, or you'll make the young men afraid of me.

Beau. Well, I won't tell St. Albans.

Jul. (*Speaking rapidly.*) And upon my word and honor, now, brother, I do exactly what I know mamma in her heart wishes; for you don't think mamma cares one straw, in the bottom of her heart, about chemistry, and botany, and mineralogy, and all that sort of stuff; only because 'tis fashionable I must have masters, just as for Italian, and French, and drawing, and music, and dancing—and, except dancing, what woman but lays it all aside as soon as ever she is married?—(Beauchamp *nods.*)—And mamma knows that, in her conscience, as well as you and I do.—(Beauchamp *nods again.*)—But in the mean time mamma, (who is the best of mothers)——

Beau. In a parenthesis—take breath, Ju.

Jul. No occasion—mamma, I say, wishes me of course to have the name of knowing every thing that's fashionable; so I must have all the expensive masters, which I'm very sorry for—and they must be paid, which she is very sorry for—and at which papa is very angry.

Beau. I don't doubt him—fathers always are horrid, when it comes to money.

Jul. But after all, where is St. Albans?

Beau. Faith!—I don't know—I want him about a horse.

Jul. And we shall want him here immediately, as soon as M. *le* Grand comes, to practise the ballet and quadrille with me.

Beau. Quadrille!—Aye, that's like you girls, who always think a young man has *got* nothing to do, but to dance his legs off with you.

Jul. And full as agreeable, I should think, as drinking his head off with you, gentlemen, or risking his neck riding wicked horses. I declare, brother—(*in a sentimental tone*)—it makes me quite nervous to see St. Albans mount that horrid Cacafogo of yours.

Beau. Ju! I bar sentiment about Cacafogo.—Not a word at your peril against Cacafogo—don't you spoil my market, or I'll spoil yours.

Jul. *That* you might not find quite so easy, brother—Recollect that St. Albans is passionately fond of dancing, and always dances with me.

Beau. Don't be cock-a-hoop, my angel.—Passionately fond of dancing—don't trust to that, Ju.—St. Albans is passionately fond of *every* thing by turns:—on horseback, passionately fond of horses—with the dogs, you'd think he'd go mad:—on the box, Blagrave's his king:—driving! you'll think he'd drive to the d——l.—No such thing; next hour, down on the floor in the study, passionately fond of a book—mad about the classics.

Jul. The classics!

Beau. Aye, they not having been flogged and drummed into him, the fellow falls into transports with Homer and Horace, and all the old school-books, wherever he meets with them. And while that fit's on, he'd fall down and worship any old rum-tutor, that came in his way;

—'tis then those Onslows are all the dandies.

Jul. What can he find to like in the Onslows?—for tho' of a good family, they are seldom in town, mamma says.

Beau. And in the country they don't keep hounds even—and as to Arthur Onslow, the son, he's an odd fish, tho' he sits a horse well enough—but I do believe the father and son have but one horse between them, and that no great shakes,—and young Onslow can't driv.—to say, drive,—and he won't play billiards, tho' I know he can,—and he don't bet—and he's never in a row—so what the fun of him is, I can't for the soul or blood of me see or say.

Enter Popkin.

Pop. Mr. St. Albans is just come in.

Jul. Oh, then, if M. le Grand would come, we could have a waltz before the Miss Mitchins come.

Beau. And then for Cacafogo!

(*Exit* Beauchamp.)

Pop. Miss Courtington! one word, if you please.

Jul. (*Turning back with a look of vexation.*) Well!—don't stop me now, Popkin.

Pop. Only Ma'am, to know what I shall do with that Widow Beauchamp, Miss? She was here half an hour ago, with the lessons for the harp.

Jul. Why, couldn't you tell her the harp is so out of tune, and the *strings so* broke, I couldn't possibly take a lesson.

Pop. So I did, Ma'am—but she said she had strings with her o' purpose, and she offered to tune it, but——

Jul. But in short you sent her away; and what signifies keeping me now, Popkin?

Pop. Only, Ma'am, that she'll call [illegible]lf an hour, and I must re'lly [illegible] to say, for she's so difficult to [illegible] being a sort of relation of my [illegible]he has such a manner with her—I can't so well shut the door in her face.

Jul. But civilly to be sure, you give her a ticket.—She is no relation of ours, only a connexion or god-daughter of mamma's or somebody's — but that wouldn't prevent her from taking a ticket like other people.

Pop. Indeed, Ma'am, whatever ailed her, she would not touch the ticket, without giving the lesson, she said.

Jul. Then she may let it alone, that's all. (*Going angrily.*)

Pop. (*Following.*) Yes, Ma'am, if that was all—but she is always talking about all my lady's owing her for them years' lessons on the harp.

Jul. Well, you must speak to mamma about that.

Pop. My lady won't hear of it, Ma'am.

Jul. And how can I help that?—Pray don't keep me any longe[illegible] to what I can't possibly hel[illegible] *hastily.*)

Pop. (*Following.*) That's wha[illegible] Ma'am,—but—but she says she must see and speak to you, Miss, about the music she copied for you, as she never has been paid for.

Jul. Dear, how shabby! to speak of such a trifle.

Pop. So I tell her, Ma'am—and she a gentlewoman born, it's quite a shame. —But distress does bring people so low.

Jul. La! how disagreeable.

Pop. And she says her children's starving.

Jul. Starving!—nonsense—that's the old story, like any common beggar-woman—I'm sure Mrs. Beauchamp ought to be ashamed.—I can't stay any longer now—Is St. Albans in the dancing-room? (*Exit* Juliana.)

Pop. (*Alone.*) So much for the Widow Beauchamp!—If ever I patronise a widow again!—— (*Exit* Popkin.)

SCENE III.

Hall—Lord Courtington's.

Enter St. Albans, *followed by* Quaco.

St. Alb. Well, Quaco, how do you like England?—How do you like London?

Quaco. London *very* fine, Massa!—Quaco like England very much, Massa.—Very good country, England.—No whip for de slave,—nor no slave no where.

St. Alb. True.—No slaves in England. From the moment that you ~~touched~~ English ground, Quaco, you ceased to be a slave.

Quaco. Me!—Quaco?

St. Alb. You, Quaco—you are as free this moment as I am.

Quaco. (*Clapping his hands and capering.*) Free! free! Quaco?—But no, Massa—(*Changing his tone, and kneeling to his master*)—me will be Massa's slave ~~alway~~

St. Alb. My servant, henceforward—not my slave. Now if you stay with me, it is from choice.—You may go when, and where you please—you may chuse another master.

Quaco. Quaco never have no other massa.—Good massa—love him—kind to Quaco, from time leetle piccinini boy.—Oh, let Quaco stay wid massa.

St. Alb. Stay, and welcome, my faithful fellow,—but remember you are, at liberty. And here, Quaco, *look* at this little scarlet purse—it has my name marked on it—your mother marked it for me.—It contains,—what do you think it contains?

Quaco. Gold guinea, Massa, me tink me see peeping.

St. Alb. All the money you have earned, Quaco,—the price of that provision ground, at which you used to work so hard, in every hour you had to yourself.—I told you, that if you trusted to me, and if you would come to England with me, you should not lose the value of your former labor.

Quaco. Oh, Massa! how good you remember!

St. Alb. Here is all the money you have earned, and something more:—Now don't let it spoil you.—Don't spend this money in drinking.

Quaco. *(Very seriously.)* Massa, no —me promise you—no rum—no drinky for drinky—but drinky for dry.

St. Alb. And don't throw away your money.

Quaco. Throw!——Oh, Quaco never throw it away.

St. Alb. Shew me, Quaco, ~~that you~~ are a reasonable being, and fit to be free.—But I hear M. le Grand's violin.—Now for the waltz and charming Juliana. (*Exit* St. Albans.)

Quaco. *(Alone.)* Shew you Quaco fit to be free.—Yes, Quaco shall.

(*He sings.*)

"Freedom! freedom! happy sound,
"Magic land this British ground;
"Touch it slave, and slave be free,
"'Tis the Land of Liberty."

"Indian *Obee*'s wicked art,
"Sicken slow poor negro's heart;
"English *Obee* makes the slave
"Twice be young, and twice be brave.

"Quick the magic, strong the pow'r—
"See man changing in an hour!
"For the day that makes him free,
"Double worth that man shall be.

"Massa, grateful Quaco do
"Twice the work of slave for you;
"Fight for Massa twice as long;
"Love for Massa twice as strong."—

Love massa! yes—Quaco never forget how he look when he say Quaco free—and here—oh, good massa—(*pulling his little purse from his bosom.*)—his own little scarlet purse—all for Quaco!—all Quaco's own!—Quaco earn all this!—(*he opens the purse, and begins to count the money.*) One, two,—dear massa!—three, four, five, six, seven—no, me never throw away dese, massa. (*A call behind the scenes of* Quaco, Quaco!)—Quaco coming.—(Quaco *gathers his money together.*)

Enter Popkin.

Pop. Hey, Quaco.—What ar't about? —Gold!—what's all this?

Quaco. Little purse—little money good massa give Quaco. (*Puts the purse hastily in his bosom.*)

Pop. (*Aside.*) More fool he! (*Aloud.*) Well—massa, as you style him, desires you'll take yourself and your tambarine in to the ladies, to play for them—they're dancing.

Quaco. Tambarine!—me run,—me play for massa. (*Exit* ~~Quaco.)~~

Pop. And I've a mind to take a lesson from M. le Grand myself. (*Exit* Popkin, *practising steps.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Lady Courtington's Drawing Room.

Lady Courtington—Juliana—Beauchamp—St. Albans—M. le Grand, *the dancing-master—Dancers—*Quaco *playing on the tambarine. The young people are dancing.*

M. le Gr. (*Beating time.*) ALLONS! Eh! Ah!—Bah! Bon!—C'a va bien!—à merveille!

Lady C. (*Looking on through her glass, and at convenient pauses exclaiming*) Very well, St. Albans!—Vastly well! tho' you don't think so.—Charming Miss Minchin!—Quite a sylph, Miss Cat'rin!—(*The dance finishes.—*St. Albans *and* Juliana *come forward towards Lady* Courtington.) Not amiss, I declare, Juliana!

St. Alb. Not amiss!—Oh, Lady Courtington, how cold!—Juliana dances divinely; but you are her mother, and can't say so.

Lady C. I protest I say all I think.—Juliana certainly did better just now than usual.—There is a great deal in having a good partner; when she is pleased with her partner, I have observed *she has* more spring.—Miss Minchin, won't you take some refreshments.—I fancy you will find something here.—Miss ~~Cat'rin~~—Captain Mardyke, you always take luncheon.—Juliana, my dear, you know what the Miss Minchins like. (*Looking to a table where refreshments are laid out.*)

Jul. Dear mamma, the Miss Minchins are quite at home here, you know; and I am so dying with heat—I hope there's ice?—(St. Albans *goes eagerly for refreshments for* Juliana, *while Lady* Courtington *speaks to the dancing-master, and leads him bowing to the table—Lady* Courtington *returns while* St. Albans *is setting a chair for* Juliana, *and presenting ice to her.*—Beauchamp *standing by, devouring sandwiches*—Juliana *sinks on her seat.*)—

Jul. So fatigued I am! quite fagged!

Lady C. So attentive, so polite, so gallant as St. Albans always is—I own I do like that.

Beau. Confoundedly unfashionable! But he'll be cured of all that by the time he has run a season in Lon'on.

Jul. Yes, young men of the ton, brother, are such absolute bears, thinking of nothing from morning till night but themselves; one could no more think of falling in love with such selfish creatures——

Beau. And who wants 'em to fall in love, Ju?—Or who's ever thinking of falling in love, now-a-days?

St. Alb. Who?—Every man who has any feeling or sense.—How can he help it?

Jul. This ice is so refreshing!

Lady C. Ice!—My love!—Is it possible you are taking ice after dancing?

Jul. When Mr. St. Albans brought it to me, how could I refuse it?

Lady C. Oh! St. Albans! would you kill her?

St. Alb. (*With eager and tender alarm.*) —Juliana, don't touch any more, I beseech you!—let me take it from you.—(*Taking the glass from* Juliana, *and giving it to* Beauchamp.)—Beauchamp! *will* you take this glass, while I fan Juliana.

Beau. (*Takes the glass ungraciously—reluctantly moves to set it down on a table, and says,—aside.*) "While you fan Juliana,"—say rather, while you make a fool of yourself!

Lady C. St. Albans, I am so much obliged to you for desiring your little Quaco, who is really a favourite of mine, to play on the tambarine;—you think of every thing, St. Albans—sentiment always has a good memory—*the* *memory of the heart*, as somebody said.

(*While* St. Albans *fans* Juliana, *Lady* Courtington *looks back to the table of refreshments, where the Miss* Minchins *are standing.*)

Lady C. Beauchamp!—the Miss Minchins, my dear.

Beau. The Miss Minchins, Ma'am?—I'm quite done up, I hope you've taken care of yourselves, Mardyke—Cartaret, there's champagne.

Lady C. I hope you've every thing? Just give a look, Beauchamp.

Beau. (*To Lady C.*) Where's Popkin, I wonder?—Why don't you make him wait on these occasions, Ma'am?

Lady C. Here is Popkin—one would think he had heard you.

Enter Popkin.

Beau. Popkin, do wait:—see if those ladies want any thing, do.

Pop. (*Without stirring.*) Yes, Sir, immediately; but if I could speak a word to Miss Courtington——

Lady C. To Juliana!—Mademoiselle le Blanc, the dress-maker, may be—I know her time's precious—but for me, tell her I know she'll be so very kind to wait,—shew her into my dressing room.

Pop. 'Tis not the dress-maker, Ma'am, it is one who wants to speak a word with Miss Courtington in private.

Beau. In private, Ju!—St. Albans! —it's your cue to look jealous, and faith I think he's *up to that* already.

St. Alb. Pshaw!—Beauchamp.

(St. Albans *retires to the Miss* Minchins.)

Jul. Nonsense, brother!—(*rising.*) Oh! mamma, I know who it is,—I dare say that odious eternal widow Beauchamp.

Quaco. (*Advances without being noticed, and listens.*) Ah, me! poor widow!

Lady C. Mercy! Popkin, Why did you let her in?—Well, Juliana is dancing you see, and cannot possibly take a lesson on the harp now.—Mrs. Beauchamp, (*looking at her watch*) is half an hour beyond her time, full!—she should be more punctual,—that's all you have to say, Popkin.

Pop. (*Going close up to* Juliana, *and whispering.*) But, Miss, I can't get her out of the house; she won't go without, at least, the money from you for the music.

Lady C. What's all that, Juliana?—What *is* all this, Popkin?

Miss C. Nothing, mamma—nothing at all, but that Mrs. Beauchamp is the most troublesome creature about the least trifle.—If *you* could settle with her, mamma, about the two years' lessons on the harp.

Lady C. Impossible *now*—when my lord comes to town,—she may call again next week;—Monday, tell her;—give her this answer, and send her away, Popkin.—Troublesome! ungrateful woman!—When I recommended her to Lady Minchin, and the Duchess of Beltravers.—Well, Popkin!—What is he waiting for, Juliana?

Jul. Dear Ma'am, nothing, only the music she copied for me, ages ago—La! Popkin, do get rid of her without my seeing her.

Pop. I declare to goodness, Ma'am, I've done my best.—But, Ma'am, she's taking on so, and Lady Minchin's servants within hearing, and that black,—(Quaco *turns away, appears not to be listening,*) that there black even, who was below, was ready to cry like a fool, as he is, when she talked of her children starving,—so all the scandal being falling on me, I was put to a non-plush, Ma'am.

Jul. Her children starving! Oh, that's shocking if it's true—you never told me a word of that before, Popkin.

Pop. I did, indeed, Miss—this morning.

Quaco. (*Aside.*) Ha! Miss!—you hear dat?

Jul. If you did, I forgot it.—Popkin, tell Clarke to send me my ridicule; I've a notion I've notes there that will do.—Stay, Popkin—Mademoiselle Le Blanc promised——

Lady C. Never mind.—Go, Popkin, tell Clarke to bring the *ridicule*—pay Mrs. Beauchamp; Juliana, and have done with her.—(*Exit* Popkin, *with his usual pirouette.—Lady* Courtington *turning to the rest of the company.*)—M. Le Grand, you were talking of some charming French artificial flowers—do let the Miss Minchins have a look at them.—(*Returning to* Juliana, *and speaking in a low voice.*) I am sure I thought, Juliana, you had paid Mrs. Beauchamp long ago.

Jul. And I thought, mamma, that you had settled with her for the harp-lessons,—so that made my conscience quite easy.

Lady C. Well! say no more about it now—all this whispering will seem odd. There are the Miss Minchins, and Captain Mardyke standing up, wondering—and Beauchamp is so impatient, he'll blurt out something.

Jul. He knows nothing—that's one comfort.

Lady C. And here comes St. Albans himself,—leave the *ridickle* to me, I'll settle it all.

St. Alb. (*Coming between them.*) Do I interrupt?

Lady C. Interrupt!

Jul. You!—Oh, no.—'Twas only——

Lady C. Only about a poor widow—a sort of protégée of ours.

St. Alb. (*Looking tenderly at* Juliana.) —Aye, so I thought—some charitable secret.—Dear, amiable Juliana, how it confuses her.—(*Kisses her hand.*) (*Aside.*) How I wish Arthur Onslow could see her at this moment!

Quaco. (*Aside.*) Ah, Massa!—Love blind!—Love deaf too!

(*The three Miss* Minchins, *crowned with artificial flowers, advance, led forward by* M. le Grand.)

M. le Gr. Voila, qui est charmante!—*Behole* what is charming!—(*After placing the young ladies,* M. le Grand *passes be-*

hind them, and pointing with his fiddlestick to each of their crowns of flowers.) Le Jonquille!—Le Jacinte!—Le Chevrefeuille De Jonquil!—De Hyacint—de what you call, honee-sockel.

(*The three Miss* Minchins *titter in three different tones—He! He! He!—Ha! Ha! Ha!—Ho! Ho! Ho!*)

Lady C. Charming!—quite charming!—really charming!

M. le Gr. Eh pour mademoiselle, Voila! and for *Meess.*

(*Turning to* Juliana, *and displaying a crown of roses and hawthorn, approaches her*—St. Albans *eagerly taking it from his hands.*)

St. Alb. Allow me, M. le Grand—you know it was my choice.

M. le Gr. Ah, Oui—de taste of monsieur, for mademoiselle.

St. Alb. (*Kneeling, presents the crown to* Juliana.) Queen of the May!

M. le Gr. Belle attitude, ça!—Fine attitude, *dat?*—And mademoiselle!—she retire one step—modeste Anglaise!—

English modesty!—but accept always, Meess, and relieve Monsieur—Relevez Monsieur.

(*The Miss* Minchins.—*He! He! He!—Ha! Ha! Ha!—Ho! Ho! Ho!*)

Lady C. (*To the Miss* Minchins.) He is so engaging, St. Albans,—I protest I could not tell how to refuse him—Could you?

Beau. Good question—Cool, faith!—very fair!

(St. Albans *places the crown on* Juliana's *head, who looks very modest.*)

M. le Gr. (*Throwing himself into an attitude of admiration and ecstacy.*) Superbe! et simple!

Lady C. So French!—so elegant!—so becoming!

M. le Gr. Si intéressante!—so interesting!

Enter Popkin, *with a Work-bag.*

Pop. Clarke, that could not find Miss Juliana's *ridicule,* till now, my lady.

Lady C. Give it to me, Popkin.—Five

pound, my love, did not you bid me give this poor woman.

Jul. Yes, mamma—Poor creature!

St. Alb. (*Aside.*) " A heart open as day, to melting charity." (*Aloud—to the Miss* Minchins.)—But we distress her.

(*Offers his arm to one of the young ladies, and walks away with them to the farthest end of the room.*)

Lady C. Popkin, take these notes to Mrs. Beauchamp.

M. le Gr. (*To* Juliana.) De accompanements de trim of de robe of de queen of de May wid de crown,—you take dem, Mademoiselle?—or Meess Cat'rin will take all, she say.

(Popkin *retires to a table, and seems examining the notes.*)

Jul. Miss Cat'rin!—not at all, Monsieur—I take them of course.——Stay, Popkn!

M. le Gr. Ah, bon!—Very good.—Only four pound——

Jul. Which I'll call and pay Madame le Grand, on Monday.

M. le Gr. Ah! dat would be same ting to me, Mademoiselle, but 'tis leetle protégée of hers, who cannot part with de flower dis saison, but for argent comptant—de ready money.

Jul. La! how provoking!

M. le Gr. Pardon—but de Miss Minchin have pay, and offer me, four guinée for dese.

Jul. Dear mamma! What can I do?

Lady C. You must have the crown St. Albans has chosen for you, and that he put on your head..

M. le Gr. And de crown and de robe accompanement, cannot be separate.

Jul. Then I must take them all, and M. le Grand must have the four pounds. —So, Popkin, (*goes to the table at which* Popkin *is examining the notes, and snatches up four of them*), I must have these—Mrs. Beauchamp can have but one, and there it is for her—and she's very well off.

Lady C. The rest on Monday—say, Popkin.

Pop. Of course, my Lady.

(*Exit* Popkin.)

(Juliana *puts the notes into the hands of* M. le Grand—*at this moment* St. Albans *comes behind her, and she starts.*)

St. Alb. Caught you!—found you out again. I do believe, M. le Grand, your little protégée will be made quite happy,—you applied well, I see.

M. le Gr. (*Bowing.*) Ah, heureusement!

Quaco. (*Aside.*) Ah, Massa! too good! —blind good!

Lady C. Why, I make it a principle! to encourage ingenuity, and elegant ingenuity.

Jul. An emigrant countess's daughter too, in distress—'tis quite a charity.

Quaco. (*Aside.*) All talkee!—talkee!

Lady C. (*Looking back.*) But what's become of the Miss Minchins, Beauchamp, and Captain Mardyke?

Beau. Mardyke! he was off the minute he'd done eating, to relieve guard, and the Miss Minchins the minute they'd done,—as soon as the coronation was over, they made their exits; and their He! He! He!—Ha! Ha! Ha!—Ho! Ho! Ho!——

Jul. Oh, fie, brother, to mimic them, when they are my *friends.* They were vastly obliging to come for this practice to-day.

Lady C. But now that they are gone, between ourselves, candidly, M. le Grand, the quadrille will be quite another thing when we have, instead of that youngest Minchin, my sweet little Lady Mary Manby.

M. le Gr. Dat go without contradick, my Lady.

Jul. (*Aside.*) And when instead of M. le Grand's standing up with his kit, we have my young duke of Beltravers.

M. le Gr. (*Making several dancing-master's bows.*) Most humble—most obedient—most devoted——

(*Exit* M. le Grand.)

Beau. (*Stretching long, and yawning*

loud.) Thank you all for going at last, for I'm done up. What a *bore*—is in't, St. Albans?

St. Alb. *Bore!*—I thought the quadrille charming.

Beau. That's good, faith!—But, my good fellow, I forgot you're from the other world—and I sha'n't be long for this world if I don't get a gallop;—that Quaco of yours ought to be broken on the wheel—*Cycloppedy*, as Blagrave calls him, won't be shod these two hours—try *Cacafogo*, and I'll take *Potatoes*,—come.

Lady C. No, my dear Beauchamp: I must detain St. Albans, this guardianship business must be settled to day.—Mr. Onslow may call—it would not look well for St. Albans to be out of the way; so, positively, I can't part with him.

Beau. Well, good morning to you. St. Albans, you are a lucky fellow at all events, not to be a ward in chancery, tied neck and heels.—Better be a ward of my father's. (*Exit* Beauchamp.)

Lady C. My lord certainly would be

a most indulgent guardian to you, St. Albans.

Jul. And we should all be so happy, never to be separated.

St. Alb. Oh! Juliana, that would be happiness indeed.

Lady C. St. Albans, we shall have our fancy-concert for you this evening, as full as possible.—(Quaco *is employed in clearing the table at the farther end of the room.*) I've scarcely one apology—indeed, people are curious; for you know 'tis something new.—A *fancy-concert*—all the performers in fancy dresses,—Juliana, my love, positively you shall be queen of the May, since St. Albans struck out that character for you,—so appropriate;—and you must give him his favourite songs.

St. Alb. Oh! Juliana, *will* you?

Jul. (*With a sweet smile.*) If I possibly *can*, but I know I shall be so horridly frightened,—'tis such a shocking thing to sing in public; but since mamma makes it a point!——

St. Alb. (*Aside.*) How she conquers her own feelings.

Quaco. (*Following, aside.*) Ah, Massa, Massa! Pray you no fall in love wid dat Miss—poor Quaco no can love.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

Lady Courtington's Housekeeper's Room.

The Widow Beauchamp *and* Popkin.

Pop. (*Adjusting his cravat.*) I don't know.—Nothing more upon my veracity, Ma'am.—I can't pretend to say, upon my honor, Mrs. Beauchamp.—I only knows as my lady said, she'd call on you to-morrow if possible, or if you'd call again o' Monday——

Mrs. Beau. (*Aside.*) To-morrow.—Monday!—how often have I been put off in the same way, with the same words.

Pop. (*Holding a bank-note carelessly to her.*) And here's the note, M'em, Miss

Courtington sent, if you please to take it or not.

Mrs. Beau. (*Taking the note.*) And is this all? when so much is due to me—so long due!—so hardly earned!—my children!—Did you tell Lady Courtington? Did you tell Miss Courtington that?

Pop. Oh, of course I told 'em all that, Me'm.

Enter Quaco, *with a tray of refreshments.*

Quaco. Mr. Popkey, me bring all des down—save you de trouble.

Pop. Eh, Quaco.—Luncheon bringing down—hey—stay.

(*Helps himself as* Quaco *passes, swallows ice behind Mrs.* Beauchamp.—Quaco *busies himself in arranging dishes, but from time to time turns, and shews that he is attending to what is going on.*

Mrs. Beau. (*Still looking at the note.*) This is cruel!—this is hard!—this is shameful, indeed!

Pop. (*Swallowing biscuits while he speaks.*) Hard! cruel!—why no more hard nor cruel, begging your pardon, Mrs. Beauchamp, M'em, on you than another; and I'll engage there's hundreds and hundreds as good, and as much in need of their money as yourself, M'em; that's at this present speaking in Lon'on, just being put off in the same way, and must be every hour and day o' the year in the metropolis.—Thousands in the same perdicament and jeopardy, M'em, for these small debts, on account the quality can't coin.—So where's the petikler hardship to you, or cruelty, or shame—when there's no help?

Mrs. Beau. No help, indeed! (*She sinks on a chair.*)

Pop. But you can call again on Monday, Ma'am, as my lady mentioned;—and mean time you can sit, and may wait there till the rain's over, if you thinks proper, a few minutes. (*Aside.*) Now she's out o' sight o' people, I don't care how long she sits. (*Exit* Popkin.)

Mrs. Beau. I may wait.—I may sit a few minutes in this house, where——

Even this insolence I must endure.—But oh, my children! my poor children!

(*She covers her eyes with her hand, and does not see* Quaco, *who advances on tiptoe—a glass of water in his hand.* Quaco *sighs—she turns her head, sees him, and starts.*)

Quaco. Only me, lady!—Quaco—poor negro—don't stir, pray lady!—poor negro he feel sorrow—he know pity, lady.

Mrs. Beau. (*Bursting into tears.*) He pities me! this poor negro! and my own relations!—(*She weeps bitterly*—Quaco *stands back respectfully.*)

Quaco. Lady, me no look!—me no mind. (*Aside.*) Cry hard—yes—tear much good do heart—heart no burst den—me know dat. (Quaco *advancing, presents water to Mrs.* Beauchamp.) Take, lady, drink—fresh water—God give—pray, lady, drink—else faint.

(*She takes the water, bows her head in silent thanks—drinks—then rises.*)

Mrs. Beau. Now I feel quite strong again, quite refreshed.—Thank you, kind-hearted——I can walk.—Where is the straw basket I had?

Quaco. Here, safe—here, lady, *it hang on back of chair.*

Mrs. Beau. (*Putting on her gloves.*) I had better go now.

Quaco. Better not—yot yet—rain pour still, lady—I go see.—Stay, lady, here.

(Quaco *takes up a bank-note which had fallen as Mrs.* Beauchamp *rose, and gives it to her—goes away, but turns back, and looks at her with compassion, while she speaks to herself.*)

Mrs. Beau. (*Fixing her eyes upon the bank-note.*) One pound—but one pound! and this is all!—To-morrow! oh, vain words!—Call again on Monday!—vain hope!—no hope left!

Quaco. (*Aside—taking a little purse from his bosom.*) Could me dare—she no see—she never know who—she never know how.

(*Slips the purse into Mrs.* Beauchamp'*s basket, without her perceiving it.*)

(*Exit* Quaco.)

Mrs. Beau. That poor negro touched me more than all the rest. (*Takes her basket.*) There's good in the world still; and kindness where one least expects it. I will not despair, but trust, (*Looks up to heaven.*)—and hope humbly.

(*Exit Mrs.* Beauchamp.)

Re-enter Quaco, *peeping.*

Quaco. Safe! safe!—She has got it—she not know till she get home—then great joy—children not starve. (*Rubs his hands with delight.*) Happy Quaco! good massa!—He tell Quaco no throw away de money in de little purse—no, massa—no. He tell Quaco no buy rum—no, massa—Quaco no drinky for drinky, but drinky for dry.—No buy rum—no *throw* away money—no *throw*—give away, massa, like your own self.—Give, massa; give well—make happy, massa.

Enter Popkin.

Pop. Massa! massa! massa!—What the d——l, Quaco, are you always talking nonsense, stuff to yourself about massa?

Quaco. No nonsense stuff, Mr. Popkey. —Quaco no fool.

Pop. (*Aside.*) Now, whether this fellow is more knave or fool, confound me, if I can tell. (*Aloud.*) My little man, I like your spirit.—Do you know you are a favorite of mine?—do you know *that*, I ask you?

Quaco. No, Mr. Popkey—me no know that.

Pop. (*Aside.*). Now was he a white man, I'd set him down for a knave; but being he's a black, I can't doubt but he's a fool.—I hear he has got some money tho', and I'll be civil to the little black gem'man. (*Rapping heard at the door.*) Oh, rap, rap, rap!—and James and all the rest of 'em, is always out of the way. —My legs is tired o' them double raps—so you'll run, my little black gentleman, won't ye?—and answer the door, and I'll thank you.

Quaco. Ha! if you tank me, Mr.

Popkey—me go—me run twice so fast—me run, now Quaco be free man—and Mr. Popkey be civil man, civil gentleman. (*Exit* Quaco.)

Pop. Aye, gentleman, if you please,—but harkee, (*calling after him*) Quaco—you Mr. freeman.—A word.—Not at home to *Walkers*, mind.

Quaco. Me understand.

Pop. Never saw a fellow so brightened and sharpened in an hour in my life, as this little black boy.—I suppose it's the money has done it.—More fool his master to give it to him!—and greater fool I, if I don't get some of it from him, in some shape or another. 'Twould be odd enough, if I, John Popkin the white, weren't a match any way for Quaco the black.

Re-enter Quaco.

Pop. Well! delight o' my eyes! what art grinning for, from *year* to *year*?

Quaco. Massa's friend!—Massa's good friend, he coming up.

Pop. He!—who is coming up?

Quaco. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Massa Onslow.

Pop. Dunce! didn't I tell you, not at home to Walkers.

Quaco. Well, he no Walker—no Mr. Walker, he Mr. Onslow.

Pop. (*Aside.*) Blundering blackamoor blockhead! (*Aloud.*) Well, off with you down to the hall, and get your luncheon now, while I settle this Onslow.

(*Exeunt* Quaco *and* Popkin.)

SCENE III.

Changes to another Apartment.

Mr. Onslow, *alone.*

Mr. Ons. At last I have got in—and at last I hope I shall see Mrs. St. Albans. (*To* Popkin, *who enters.*) Will you be so good, Sir, as to let Mrs. St. Albans know that I am here, and——

Pop. (*Interrupting.*) Mrs. St. Albans, Sir?—Mrs. St. Albans not at home, Sir.

Mr. Ons. I fancy, Sir, you are mistaken.

Pop. Mistaken!—no, Sir, 'tis morally impossible I should be mistaken.

Mr. Ons. (*With an air of authority.*) You will please, Sir, to go and inquire.

Pop. (*Submitting, and obeying for a moment; but after moving a few steps, returns, and resuming his saucy air and tone.*) What name shall I say, Sir?

Mr. Ons. Do not you know who I am, Sir?

Pop. I beg pardon, Sir—I may have happened to see you before, but we see so many gentlemen here. I partly recollect your face now, Sir,—but, Sir, candidly, I have the most treacherous memory now in life for some physiognomies.

Mr. Ons. (*Haughtily.*) Take your physiognomy out of my presence, Sir, and give this card to Mrs. St. Albans.

Pop. (*Holds the card up to the light, and reads the name.*) Oh, I see—Onslow, Sir.—I beg pardon, but I'm unfortinately a little near-sighted *sometimes.* (*Turns on his heel, and Exit.*)

Mr. Ons. And very impertinent *always.*—There's a puppy now.—One of those nuisances, called a fine footman, which some foolish fine people are pleased to keep in their houses to insult their guests, waste their fortunes, debase the manners, and corrupt the morals of their children! But such a fellow as that now, would not be suffered in any family, sure of its claim to just hereditary sway, or conscious of the true dignity of personal merit.—No, no,—'tis only among these new-made honors.——Ha! who comes here?—My lady herself, who is as much too civil as her *people* are too rude.—Now for her superfluity of breeding, and her airs of protection.—Grant me patience, heaven!

Enter Lady Courtington.

Lady C. *My* dear *Mr.* Onslow, I'm so vastly glad, quite delighted to see you, —and I'm so sorry my lord's out of town, he would be so charmed to cultivate your acquaintance.

Mr. Ons. Your ladyship does me honor.

Lady C. Oh, now don't *talk* of honor —there's no honor between friends.—So we must get you to come some day, and eat a bit of mutton with us in a family way,—and your son, Mr. Arthur Onslow, that was at Eton with my son, and that is so clever, my Beauchamp tells me— you must present him to me, or rather to my lord; for my lord I'm sure, would be happy to speak of him to our friends; and you know its advantageous to a young man, to be spoken of in certain circles.

Mr. Ons. No doubt—your ladyship is very good.—But may I ask, Madam, at what hour you think I have the best chance of finding Mrs. St. Albans at home, that we may settle about the guardianship.

Lady C. (*With affected simplicity.*) Guardianship!—Oh aye, I did hear something, but I know nothing of business of any kind.—Only now I recollect I did hear Mrs. St. Albans this morning, I think, *say that she would write to you to-day* about it: I conclude she did not wish to trouble you to come.

Mr. Ons. Write!—but I came to town for the express purpose of seeing her; and this is the second time I have waited upon her by her particular desire, and punctually at the hour she did me the honor to name.

Lady C. Yet you have missed each other.—Now that is so provoking.—But this is always the way in Lon'on. There was I and the Duchess of Beltravers, running after one another all last week; and my poor friend, Mrs. St. Albans, who is not used to Lon'on, is always entangling herself in crossing engagements. —Shall I tell you the truth?

Mr. Ons. If your ladyship pleases.

Lady C. Mrs. St. Albans is this moment at a china-auction.

Mr. Ons. (*With indignant astonishment.*) At a china-auction!

Lady C. And to be quite candid with you, I am morally certain she will not be at home till dinner-time.

Mr. Ons. Then my presence might have been spared.—Madam, you will do me the favor to let Mrs. St. Albans know that I shall leave town early to-morrow morning.

Lady C. I certainly will.—Adieu then, my good Mr. Onslow, since it must be so,—and Mrs. St. Albans shall write.—I'm so sorry my lord's not at home. (*Lady* Courtington *watches Mr.* Onslow, *as in much perturbation he is looking for his hat and cane—she presents the cane to him—he bows, and is going.*) (*Aside.*) Fairly got rid of him.—Now I may give myself credit.

Enter Mrs. St. Albans, (*who has a very soft, languid West Indian manner,*) *at the side opposite to that, at which Mr.* Onslow *is going out. Lady* Courtington *and Mr.* Onslow, *who are standing with their backs to Mrs.* St. Albans, *start on hearing her voice.*

Mrs. St. Alb. Quaco tells me——

Mr. Ons. My dear Madam, I am glad to see you returned from the china auction.

Lady C. My dear creature, I thought you would be detained at that china auction till dinner-time.

(*Lady* Courtington *makes a sign to Mrs.* St. Albans; *but without noticing it, Mrs.* St. Albans *replies.*)

Mrs. St. Alb. China auction!—returned—detained—(*rubbing her eyes*) am I awake, or am I in a dream?—I think I have been in a dream since I came to London, and any thing is possible in dreams.—Forgive me, my dear Lady Courtington, if I am blundering.—But as you truly told me yesterday, I am not yet half *up* to a London life.

Lady C. (*Aside.*) Nor ever will be, most stupid of *dawdlers!*

Mr. Ons. (*Aside.*) So much the better.

Mrs. St. Alb. So the sooner I leave town the better.

Lady C. Leave it!—Oh, heaven forbid!—I won't hear of that—and you are absolutely bound in duty, and by your maternal tenderness, to live in town for your son's sake, to give him all the advantage of the best masters.

Mr. Ons. (*Smiling.*) Coachmen, grooms, and footmen, inclusive; who, if not the best, are, it must be allowed, the most successful, and "the most approved good masters" of our young nobility and gentry.

Lady C. Shocking satirical creature! —But all that depends on the tutor, if you have but a tutor you can rely upon; and my lord and I have twenty in our eye for St. Albans, the one better than the other.—There's Mr. What's-his-name, my dear—a famous man, who was with the young Duke of Beltravers abroad. —There's no going beyond him.

Mrs. St. Alb. I do not know.—I am not quite satisfied.

Lady C. Well then, my dear, satisfy yourself by all means.—You shall see them all.—We'll have a bevy—a levee of tutors for you.—I'll write notes directly. Popkin!

Mrs. St. Alb. I beseech you, my dear Lady Courtington, give me time to breathe—to think.

Enter Popkin. *Lady* Courtington *nods* —Popkin *makes a pirouette, and Exit, saying*—" I wish people would know " their own minds."

Lady C. (*To Mrs.* St. Albans.) Time to breathe and welcome, my dear. All I know is, I expect my lord in town every hour, and I am sure my lord will think nothing of the trouble of being *acting* guardian.

Mrs. St. Alb. Lord Courtington is very good.—You are very kind, my dear Lady Courtington.—I have not heard Mr. Onslow say one word yet.

Mr. Ons. I trusted that words were unnecessary, to convince Mrs. St. Albans that she may command any services in my power.

Mrs. St. Alb. Then in the first place, my good Sir, I am anxious to know what you think of my son.—Pray tell me freely all his faults.

Lady C. And has St. Albans any faults?

Mrs. St. Alb. Have you seen any thing wrong in his disposition?

Mr. Ons. Nothing—he is candid, generous, and full of noble ambition.

Mrs. St. Alb. True—true—most true! —thank you—thank you, Mr. Onslow.

Lady C. (*Aside.*) I have praised St. Albans a hundred times more, yet this foolish mother never thanked me half as much. (*Aloud.*) How well Mr. Onslow has seized our dear St. Albans's character.

Mr. Ons. Character! Madam, I said not one word of his character—I spoke only of his disposition.—His character is not yet formed; that will depend——

Mrs. St. Alb. (*Eagerly.*) On what? Oh, tell me!

Mr. Ons. On the friendships he forms, the company he keeps, and the manner in which he spends his time, during the next *few* years of his life.

Lady C. The company is the grand thing.—It is *so* essential.—It is the ruin of young men of fortune, not to keep the best company early.

Mr. Ons. Certainly.—By the best company I do not, however, mean the most fashionable.

Lady C. (*Aside.*) Then he is a bear.

Mr. Ons. And at St. Albans's age, and with his ardent imagination, I should fear for him the temptations, the *facilities*, of a fashionable life in a capital city.

Lady C. Excuse me, Mr. Onslow.—'Tis certainly very presumptuous in me to speak, who am only a woman.—But you know, my dear Mrs. St. Albans, the cleverest men may be sometimes a little prejudiced; and gentlemen, who have lived much in retirement, let them be ever so liberal, when they come to town are apt, I observe, to see every thing *en noir*. Now what I say is, that town's town, and the world's the world; and for young men of fortune, who are born to live in the world, the sooner they see something of it the better.

Mr. Ons. Young men!—but are not we at present speaking of boys?

Mrs. St. Alb. Certainly, St. Albans is still but a boy.

Lady C. Oh, my dear Sir—(*To Mrs.* St. Albans.) Oh, my dear Madam, if you love me, if you love St. Albans, don't call him *a boy.*—Boys are in my opinion the most horrid animals in nature; and one charming thing in Lon'on is, you never see *boys.*

Mr Ons. That is the very thing of which I complain.—They are all men before their time.—Men when they should be boys, and boys when they should be men.

Lady C. Well, my dear Mrs. St. Albans, leave your son with me and my lord; and I'll engage that he shall never be at any time of his life, that odious creature, *a boy*.

Mr. Ons. My dear Mrs. St. Albans, leave your son with me, and I will engage that at some period of his life, he shall be that admirable creature, a man.

Lady C. A man!—plain man!—but I'll engage to make him a man of fashion.

Mr. Ons. I shall be satisfied with his continuing to be what he is, a gentleman.

Lady C. Mrs. St. Albans is to decide in short, which of her friends she prefers for her son's guardian.

Mrs. St. Alb. My dear friends, if I could decide without being ungrateful to one—without offending either.

Lady C. For my part, I must confess I could never forgive a slight on this occasion shewn to my lord; and as to myself, fond as I am of St. Albans, I should indeed feel it very *extraordinary*, unkind, and ungrateful, if you did not think proper to leave him with us.

Mr. Ons. For my part, I declare—and I venture to make the declaration in the name of Mrs. Onslow, as well as my own, that we shall not think it in the least extraordinary, unkind, or ungrateful, if you, Madam, should not think proper to let your son live with us. Therefore put all fear of offending us out of the question, and decide on that which you think best for your son.

Mrs. St. Alb. Since I have two friends, and that my son has two guardians, why should not we avail ourselves of the kindness of both.—Might not St. Albans live in the winter in town with Lord and Lady Courtington, and in the country in summer with Mr. Onslow?

Mr. Ons. Excuse me, my dear Madam,—I cannot be this mere summer friend.—If I act as guardian, if I take charge of your son, I must have the [illegible] care of him.—I cannot be answerable for measures which I do not guide.

Lady C. (*Aside.*) Mercy! such a bold, such an unexpected stroke—and (*observing Mrs.* St. Albans, *who seems in great perplexity*) she hesitates!

Enter St. Albans.

St. Alb. Oh, my dear mother! Juliana is the most charming——(*He stops short on seeing Mr.* Onslow, *and says*) Mr. Onslow, I didn't know you were here.

(*While* St. Albans *advances to embrace Mr.* Onslow, *Lady* Courtington *exclaims,* Oh! St. Albans, oh!—*and falls into hysterics.*—*Mrs.* St. Albans *supports her.*)

St. Alb. Good heavens!—What is the matter?

Mrs. St. Alb. My dear Lady Courtington, compose yourself.

St. Alb. Salts!—water!—air!—Quaco!—Popkin!

Mr. Ons. Who waits there!—Send

your lady's woman here, if you please, Sir.

(*To* Popkin, *who enters, and exit, saying, as he turns on his heel—aside,* Well sobbed! well done, my lady!)

St. Alb. My dear Lady Courtington, what *is* the matter?

Lady C. The matter!—Oh! oh!—(*sobbing.*) You—you—you, St. Albans, are the cause of it all.

St. Alb. I!—I!—what have I done? (*Kneels—takes Lady* Courtington's *hand, and speaks in a tone of great tenderness.*) My dear Lady Courtington, how ungrateful I should be!—My dearest Lady Courtington!

Lady C. Oh, don't!—don't call me your dearest Lady Courtington! Don't! don't kneel!—Come not near me, your mother does not chuse it—does not approve.

St. Alb. My mother, impossible!—Lady Courtington does not know what she is saying.—Oh, Mr. Onslow, send somebody for a physician.

Mr. Ons. (*Aside to St. Albans.*) Take it quietly, my boy.—(*Lady* Courtington *rises, but continues sobbing.*)

Enter Clarke *and* Popkin *with water, salts, hartshorn, &c.*

Miss Clarke. Oh, my lady—heavens above!—unlace.

Mrs. St. Alb. If we could get her to her own room, Clarke.

Miss Clarke. Lean on me, my lady.

Mrs. St. Alb. And on me.

(*Lady* Courtington *leans on Miss* Clarke, *but refuses to lean on Mrs.* St. Albans.)

Lady C. No, no!

Mr. Ons. (*Aside, in an ironical tone.*) Motions Mrs. St. Albans away with dignity!

St. Alb. Lean on me, Lady Courtington.

Lady C. Yes, you are not ungrateful, I hope!—I hope!—(*sobbing.*)—I trust.

(*Lady* Courtington *again motions Mrs.* St. Albans *away, who then desists* *from following her.* Popkin *clears the way, carrying salts, &c.—Exit Lady* Courtington, *leaning on* Clarke *and* St. Albans.)

Mr. Ons. True sensibility!—Quite a French scene!—Fine stage effect!——

Mrs. St. Alb. Stage effect!—Is it possible that you can think so?

Mr. Ons. My dear Madam, never mind what I think, for you know I am a poor country gentleman, who sees every thing *en noir.*

Mrs. St. Alb. But, indeed, Mr. Onslow, though Lady Courtington is a little of a fine lady, and perhaps a little affected.

Mr. Ons. Not a *little.*

Mrs. St. Alb. Yet she really has been so kind to us.

Mr. Ons. For her own purposes, perhaps?

Mrs. St. Alb. Oh, no—there you do her injustice.

Mr. Ons. I hope so.

Mrs. St. Alb. I have not, to be sure,

seen or known any thing of her since we were children and school-fellows—but she was then so open-hearted!

Mr. Ons. Possibly *then.*

Mrs. St. Alb. And she is at all events our relation—near relation. So I must wish to keep well with her; and you see, she will be offended for ever, if I do not let St. Albans spend, at least half the year with her. I know my son would be better far with you, but——

Mr. Ons. But you would sacrifice the good of your child to the hysteric fit of an affected fine lady. Forgive me if I seem harsh:—but, Madam, you must—(as an old friend, permit me to speak plainly)—You *must* have the strength of mind to prefer the right to the expedient, or you ruin your son. I am obliged to leave town early to-morrow. This night I shall expect your decision, Madam—not without anxiety. (*Exit Mr.* Onslow.)

Mrs. St. Alb. Ruin my son!—terrible thought!—but has he any particular reasons for objecting to this family, I should have asked. I should have urged him more on that point; and I should have inquired about Newmarket.—Oh! I always think of what I ought to have said and done, when the time for speaking and acting is over.

(*Exit Mrs.* St. Albans.)

SCENE IV.

Lady Courtington's Hall.

Beauchamp *and* Blagrave.

Beau. The rain's over—Blag, confound it, bring the horses to the door.

Bla. Why!—how can I bring the horses to the door, Sir, when they ha'n't brought back Cycloppedy, which that confounded black Quaco forgot to. be took to be shod.

Beau. Curse him! he ought to be flogged.

Bla. He ought so, for there's no managing them blacks, nor breeding 'em to have the sense or memory of a Christian, without flogging of it into them, they say; on account they've not the feeling we have.

Beau. (*Walking up and down, fretting and swearing.*) C——se it!—Confound 'em all in one bag;—so I'm to lose my gallop!—and between blacks, and guardians, and quadrilles, and hysterics, we sha'n't get St. Albans out this day:—and may be, he's such a weathercock, he may change his mind about Cacafogo, after all.

Bla. Why, that's the point, your honor,—that's what I be afear'd o' my life of; and of his smelling out some'at about them white hairs at the knees, where he's marked by the fall.

Beau. But, luckily, St. Albans is no great jockey.

Bla. No,—as to jockey, he is no match for your honor, that is, when our two heads be together.—But I hope your honor won't forget the five guineas you was promising.

Beau. Mum—here's my sister,—step off yourself, Blagrave, do, to the forge, and try and get Cycloppedy back, and I'll get St. Albans out yet before dinner.

Bla. So best—to strike while iron's hot, your honor. (*Exit* Blagrave.)

Enter Juliana *from the opposite side.*

Jul. Well, brother, do you know what is to *be* now?

Beau. Not I,—more hysterics, may be.

Jul. No, no,—that's all over; and mamma's herself again. Mrs. St. Albans has just been with her, and they are all upon velvet; for it is agreed that St. Albans is to decide entirely for himself which of the guardians he is to live with; and which ever he chuses, will be the acting guardian as they call it, and the other is not to act at all:—and you may be sure papa will be the man,—I'd lay my life upon it, St. Albans will stay with us; for between you and I, you never saw a man so much, so seriously in love in your life.

Beau. Much in love,—aye, but *much* and *seriously* are two things, and, Ju, he's a great way to run to twenty-one.

Jul. To twenty-one! as if a man couldn't be seriously in love, and seriously married too, before he's twenty-one, with consent of course, when papa's guardian, you know.

Beau. I know.—I'm not so sanguine as you are, Ju—and I must go and see about Cacafogo. (*Exit* Beauchamp.)

Juliana, *alone.*

Cacafogo!—selfish animal! that brother of mine is,—thinks of nothing but himself and Cacafogo.—Now would not it, after all, be an odd thing, if I was to be married before I am *out*;—not so odd neither—stranger things have happened. There was Lady Gould married quite out of the nursery, and pretty little Mrs. what's-her-name, married, to my certain knowledge, before she had ever sat up to supper.—I own I'm a friend to early marriages——"Mrs. St. Albans's carriage stops the way!"—how delightful that would be!——*would* be?—*will* be, you'll see, in spite of my brother's incredulity.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Lord Courtington's Hall.

Enter Popkin, *singing.*

Not a man in the square,
With me can compare,
For a shape, and a face, and a leg, and an air,
I'll venture to swear,
Not a man of 'em dare
Give an answer so tart,
Then turn off so smart.——

But hark!—here's Blagrave singing his own praises too,—like to be a Dutch concert.

Enter Blagrave, *singing.*

" Here's long trotting Tom, to Finger-the-reins,
" And tip all the go by, from Lon'on to Staines."

Pop. Bravo, Blag!

Bla. Well, now, what I was saying, is, if so be I was born a gentleman, or the son of the likes, I'd never of all things be stingy in the article of horse-flesh. And, hang me, but I'd cut such a dash upon the road!—odds dickens—Then, mark me, my grooms and out-riders should be the best appointed d'ye see, and as to my coachman, by the blessing, I'd gi' him what they call *cart-blanch*, to keep up my name,—for the coachman's the great point at the last; and if a gentleman's close there, why there's no hope of him.

Pop. No hope of him, if he's not genteel to his own man, and footman too.

Bla. Belike—for sartin, o' course.—Now what I say, is, my lord 's free enough betting, and that on the turf,—and for he a nobleman, to be sure, very proper. But then see his coachman is not magnified proportionably!—and again, even Mr. Beauchamp, see he's fond enough of cutting a dash—spares nothing for that—but then, not the true thing neither; I scarce knows the chink of his gold, nor the crumple of his paper.—Too close about his purse strings!—St. Albans for my money.

Pop. 'Tis he that's open-handed, and plays away with the cash,—gave him back a ten pound note I found in his waistcoat pocket last night, he know'd nothing of, and he made me, *slap-dash*, a present of it, and *we'll tip it off* in champagne.

Bla. Then I declare it's a shame for me and master, what we are at, but I'll make it up to St. Albans. I'll teach him to drive as well as any young man in all England, and that's what old Onslow would never do till doomsday, though his groom was shewing o' me he has good horses too.

Pop. Ay, give the devil his due, Blag.

Bla. And for master St. Albans, if I ha' the training o' him, he shall by and by, give the go-by to Mr. Beauchamp his self, on the box; and who could do as much for him as that, I want to know? But if my lord should not come up in time, and there should be a huff. —Bobs! here's master Beauchamp, and St. Albans to boot.

Enter Beauchamp *and* St. Albans.

Beau. Come, St. Albans—come along —here's the horses—here's Cacafogo.—(*aside to* Blagrave.) Blag, throw in your good word for Cacafogo.

St. Alb. Now for a fine gallop in the park, before dinner.

(Popkin *presents his whip, hat, and gloves, officiously to* St. Albans.)

Bla. And I'll be bound your honor will like Cacafogo, better than any horse you ever crossed.

St. Alb. We shall have time for a good ride,—we shall not dine till eight, shall we?

Pop. Nine, more likely, Sir,—Waiting for my lord.

Bla. So light in hand!—no daisy cutter!—up to the hounds!—near thorough bred—sound as a roach!—Worth any money to a gentleman.

(*Exit* St. Albans *and* Beauchamp, *followed by* Blagrave.)

Popkin, *alone.*

" Wine, water, women,
" Are men's ruin,
" Says wise Professor Vander Bruin."

But he said nothing of horses, nor coachmen, nor grooms; and there your Mr. Vander Bruin, wise as he was—was out—or I'm wrong. Never saw one now much more like than young Mr. St. Albans, to run, what the wise ones call, the road to ruin,—with my lord for his guardian, and my lady for his guide. Why, he's as easy led, I can turn him with my finger and thumb; and Blag the same, who is rather aukward too.—Then Mr. Beauchamp, how he has him!—and for

Miss Juliana! she'll not be Miss Juliana long, or my name's not Popkin. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

Lady Courtington's Drawing-Room.

Lady Courtington *and* Juliana.

Lady C. So far, so good.—Indeed, my Juliana, I am quite of your opinion,—I have the utmost dependance upon the amiability of our young friend's disposition, and I have no doubt that things will every way turn out as we wish.

Jul. If papa were but come.—But 'tis so aukward, his not being here to day.

Lady C. My dear, he will certainly be here to day.

Jul. And when we have a dinner-party too!

Lady C. But, my dear, don't I tell you, I expect him every minute.

Jul. Yes, mamma, I know you expect him—but I know that when once papa gets to Newmarket——don't you recollect how he disappointed you last year, when the Burrells were asked, and I'm shockingly afraid——

Lady C. The gentlemen won't come from the House till very late; I hear they expect a long debate.—My lord will certainly be here before dinner.

Jul. La! we shall have to wait a prodigious time.—If the gentlemen don't come, I'm sure I hope the ladies will be so kind to stay away too.

Lady C. Yes, I do hope my friend Lady Minchin won't have the awkwardness to be coming so early as she did on Tuesday,—she should know better, surely.

Jul. 'Twas not awkwardness, she does know better. I know very well why she does it—the Miss Minchins like to come early, to have a chance of seeing more of *somebody.* But they are my friends, and I say nothing—only one can't help having eyes.

Lady C. And very fine ones, too.—Let me look at you, my dear—let me see how you are dressed.—Not ill—pretty well—stay—here!—there!—that's right, now it will all do;—but sitting up dancing so late since the St. Albans's have been with us, has certainly, my dear Juliana, lowered your natural colour shockingly, and I must have you look in *bloom* to-night.—(*Unlocks a cabinet, takes out rouge, and rouges* Juliana, *saying*,) There—a little, a very little——just to give your natural colour—that is quite fair, you know.

Jul. Oh dear, yes,—and indeed every body does it now; so it would be very unfair if I had not the same advantage.

Lady C. That is the thing, when every body does it,—really one is forced, if one lives in the world—(and who could live out of it?)—to do so many things, and submit to so many things one does not like or approve. But if the principles are pure, that is the grand thing—and the taste unsophisticated.—My dear, I hope you have practised for to night, that lovely little song—that new air of "*Simplicity.*"

Jul. Yes, dear Mamma, I have it quite perfect, and I have put new words to it of my own; but perhaps you mean "*Sympathy,*" for it was that, if you recollect, St. Albans liked so particularly.

Lady C. Was it? I forgot.—Well let us hear them both, and then I can tell which will do best.

Jul. Dear Mamma, shall I begin with "*Sympathy*" or with "*Simplicity?*"

Lady C. "*Simplicity.*"—Begin with "*Simplicity*" of course, and end with "*Sympathy.*"—Be quick, be quick, before Mrs. St. Albans comes down from her toilette.

Jul. (*Placing her harp.*) Time enough, Ma'am, for Mrs. St. Albans is always the slowest creature at her toilette, as at every thing else.

Lady C. True, my dear.—But recollect she is the mother of St. Albans.—Come, pray now, let us have "*Simplicity*" before any body comes in. (Juliana *seating herself at the harp in a fine attitude.*)

Lady C. No, no, that won't do.—Juliana, that looks, my love, too studied for simplicity.

Jul. (*Changing her attitude.*) Well this, Ma'am?

Lady C. Nor that.—There's too much of the old St. Cecilia in that.—Ah! now if you please—that's charmingly natural.—Simplicity herself!—Begin.

Juliana *sings.*

No 'tis not Beauty's idol pow'r,
No 'tis not Beauty's blazing hour;
'Tis not the fascinating face,
Th' ideal form of floating grace.

'Tis the wild charm of nascent youth,
The halcyon pledge of love and truth,
Th' insidious blush, the tell-tale eyes
Of sweet Simplicity, I prize!

Lady C. So simple! begin with that

by all means.—And now for "*Sympathy*," before the Minchins come.

Jul. (*Clearing her throat.*) "*Sympathy*" is very trying, it goes so high and so low.

Lady C. True, my dear; but nothing is too high or too low for you.

Juliana *sings.*

Beyond the voice of high controul,
Still ebbing, flowing tide of soul;
Magnetic power, ethereal dart,
That wounds, and warms, and sooths the heart.

Extatic anguish!—mystic sway,
Thy moonlight bliss, thy mournful day,
Thy tear, thy smile, thy touch divine,
Oh, heav'n-born Sympathy be mine!

Lady C. A touch divine indeed, Juliana!—Quite beyond the Miss Minchins.—St. Albans will be enchanted.—Encore —"Oh, heaven-born Sympathy."

Juliana *sings again.*

Thy tear, thy smile, thy touch divine,
Oh, heav'n-born Sympathy be mine!

Enter Clarke *precipitately, with a look and voice calculated to raise great alarm.*

Clarke. Oh, my lady!—Oh, Miss Juliana!—here's a catastrōphé!

Lady C. Catastrophe! what do you mean, Clarke?

Jul. Catastrophe! speak, Clarke, can't you?

Clarke. Oh dear me! stars above!—I'm sent to break it to my lady—but I'm so nervous!—and yet I can't bear another should have the telling it.—Mr. St. Albans, Ma'am, that has got such a fall from his horse.

Lady C. Heavens!—and before the guardian is named.

Jul. Mercy!—I told Beauchamp it would be so.

Enter Popkin.

Pop. Cacafogo, my lady, that fell with Mr. St. Albans on the stones.

Clarke. And left him lying for senseless and speechless.

Pop. Senseless, Miss Clarke? not at all, nor speechless—quite the contrary—for 'tis his shoulder is out, and he was left screeching with the pain—you might hear him, they say, the length of the street.

Jul. I don't believe one word of it—else I should faint, certainly.

Clarke. 'Tis certain, sure as I stand here, my lady, that he had a *confusion* on his skull.

Jul. Contusion do say at any rate, Clarke, and I don't believe it—or it would kill me.

Lady C. Call Quaco to me, Popkin, this instant.

Pop. My lady, he's not within call.—He just darted in and out like an arrow, with a bottle of opodeldoc under his arm, Ma'am.—But what matter, when I saw Blagrave himself.

Lady C. Call Blagrave! you distract me.—Call Blagrave, Popkin.

Pop. (*Calling behind the scenes.*) Somebody there! call Blagrave up to my lady.

Lady C. Clarke, run and stop Mrs. St. Albans from coming down, and don't let her hear any thing.

Clarke. La, my lady, she has heard all—every sentence—from her own *milletto* woman, who run up like crazed, before I could lay down my cup of tea out of my hand.

Lady C. Heavens! I must go to Mrs. St. Albans—no, I must stay—I must hear—

Jul. Blagrave's coming!—Now we shall have it all, and I dare say it is all lies.

Enter Blagrave.

Clarke. Very well, Miss Juliana, you'll find his shoulder is out.—Blagrave, didn't Quaco tell me Mr. St. Albans's shoulder's out?

Bla. No.—He told you, he didn't know but the shoulder was out.

Pop. There! Miss Clarke.

Lady C. Silence!—speak, [illegible] How was it?—Where is St. Albans?—and where is my son?

Bla. Mr. Beauchamp's below, my lady, with my lord—who's just returned from Newmarket.

Lady C. My lord arrived! that's fortunate!—Popkin, go and tell my lord I beg to see him immediately.

Bla. My lady, my lord's dressing—I seed his own man.

Pop. But I say, Blagrave, did not Mr. St. Albans get a fall that left him senseless on the stones, from Cacafogo.

Bla. Why, my lady, (*turning from* Clarke *to Lady* Courtington) it was not the horse's fau't. It was Master St. Albans that threw Cacafogo down. He could not pull him in coming through the park-gate, so when the horse come on the stones he tripped, and threwed the young gem'man—and this here, my lady, is the real state o' the case.—As for Cacafogo——

Lady C. (*Interrupting.*) Cacafogo!—let me hear no more about Cacafogo!—Where is Mr. St. Albans hurt?

Bla. As to that, Ma'am, I can't say—he was carried into a house, and they sent off for a surgeon.—So I do suppose he was hurted somewhere, my lady.—But it wa'n't Cacafogo's fau't, that's all I sartify. (*Exit* Blagrave.)

Clarke. Here's Quaco back again, I declare!—Now we shall hear who is right and who is wrong.

Enter Quaco.

Quaco. (*Presents a note.*) My lady—note from Mrs. St. Albans.

Lady C. A note from Mrs.——Why! Is not Mrs. St. Albans above stairs?

Quaco. My lady, no—she wid massa.

Lady C. How's this, Clarke?—Popkin! why was not I told?—How's this? (*Lady* Courtington *tears open her note, and reads.*)

(Juliana *retires, and rubs the rouge from* *her face*—Quaco *observes her, but seems to take no notice.*)

Pop. It must have been while we was all standing here, that Mrs. St. Albans set off with herself.

Clarke. True, for I *seed* her with my own eyes, when the *milletto* woman opened her door. Well, I own I couldn't have believed Mrs. St. Albans could have been so quick in her motions.

Pop. The last person in Christendom, next to a snail, I'd ha' suspected of stealing a march on one.

Jul. (*Advancing, and sighing.*) Clarke, I was so terrified!—didn't I grow strikingly pale?

Clarke. Pale as a sheet, Ma'am, on a sudden!

Lady C. No place—no date to this note!

(*Lady* Courtington *puts Mrs.* St. Albans's *note into* Juliana's *hand*—Juliana *reads it, while Lady* Courtington *goes on speaking to* Quaco—Popkin *meanwhile, tries to peep at the note* *over* Juliana's *shoulder*—Clarke *eagerly listens to* Quaco's *answers.*)

Lady C. In her hurry, dear soul! Mrs. St. Albans has forgot to say where she is.—Pray, Quaco, where is your poor master?

Quaco. My lady, he lye on one sofa in one house—Park-lane.

Lady C. Who took him there?

Quaco. Me—Quaco, my lady, and de groom of Mr. Onslow.

Lady C. How came Mr. Onslow's groom to have any thing to do with the business?

Quaco. Me no know, my lady—he riding—leading master's horse in street—me no see—me no know.

Jul. He knows nothing ever!

Lady C. But you were there yourself?

Quaco. My lady, yes.—Me was went wid message for Mr. Popkey.—Me going thro' Park-lane—just me den see massa gallop—massa fall—me run up—me help lift—me help carry massa into house—one house of very good lady.

Lady C. Order the carriage to the door, Popkin.

Pop. (*Calling.*) Somebody there!—order the carriage to the door for my lady.

Lady C. You need not wait here, Popkin.

Pop. (*Aside.*) Need not I?

(*Exit* Popkin, *after making a pirouette.*)

Jul. Nor you need not wait, Clarke.

Clarke. Come away, Quaco.—I was right, 'tis clear, about the shoulder—but nobody never even inquired. (*Exit Miss* Clarke, *with a toss*—Quaco *following.*)

Lady C. Stay, Quaco.—About the shoulder?—your master's shoulder.—I was afraid to inquire.

Jul. And I was so afraid to hear the answer.—I knew I could not stand it—but I hope—I hope, Quaco?

Quaco. (*Aside.*) Me see you no hope—you no fear—you no care—me tell you noting.

Jul. (*Aside to her mother.*) Make him speak, Mamma, for he is as stupid as a post.

Lady C. My good little fellow, don't you comprehend the question we ask you?

Quaco. Quaco no tell, my lady.

Lady C. We ask whether your master's shoulder was *put out* by the fall?—Surely you can tell that.

Quaco. Quaco no tell.

Lady C. Then I conclude there is nothing in it.

Jul. So I said from the first.—Did they really send for a surgeon, pray?

Quaco. Quaco no tell.

Jul. (*To Lady* Courtington, *aside.*) Did you ever hear any thing like him, Mamma? He provokes me more than I can express. (*Aloud.*) That's all.—You need not wait, Quaco.

Quaco. 'Tank ye, Miss. (*Aside.*) Glad! get back to massa quick. (*Exit* Quaco.)

Jul. Stupid black!—They may say what they will, but I am clear, Mamma, those negroes are all naturally inferior.

Lady C. Very true.—But my comfort is, my lord's arrived.—I wish they'd make haste with the carriage.—But I don't understand about that groom.—Was it old Onslow's, or young Onslow's groom and horses?

Jul. I'm sure I can't guess.—But of course the father and son have but one groom, as my brother says, they have but one horse between them.

Lady C. May be—probably.—All I know is, that this old Onslow is always crossing me every where like my evil genius.

Jul. And that Arthur Onslow sticks to St. Albans on every occasion like a bur, there's no shaking him off.

Lady C. Ring again for the carriage. —'Tis the most nervous thing waiting.—Blagrave's the slowest creature!

Jul. Such a coxcomb too! (*Ringing.*) Yet one likes to have a coachman a bit of a coxcomb, and all one's people indeed.

Enter Popkin.

Pop. Carriage at the door, my lady.

Lady C. Juliana, throw a veil over your head, and send Clarke with a shawl for me to my lord's room. (*Going.*)

Jul. Yes, Mamma.—But, Mamma, you forget we've company to dinner.

Lady C. I'll settle all that with my lord.

Jul. Then I'll get my veil—my Mechlin veil. (*Exit* Juliana.)

Lady C. And, Popkin, order Quaco to go with the carriage.

(*Lady* Courtington *going, turns back when* Popkin *speaks.*)

Pop. Quaco, my lady!—he was off again the minute ever he was let out o' your sight, my lady.—Since his master give him his liberty, there's no holding that black boy—I do verily b'lieve he's new made o' quicksilver.

Lady C. Very likely.—Then tell James to go with us—and you'll be in attendance here. (*Exit Lady* Courtington.)

Pop. Attendance! now that's what I hate—'specially, when I'm so cur'ous to see the windings-up and end of all things. Be in attendance!—That's cool!—Confound attendance, say I. (*Exit* Popkin.)

SCENE III.

Lady Courtington's Hall.

Enter Blagrave *followed by* Popkin.

Bla. A word with you, Pop, afore my lady comes down—I've left James on the box. I'll tell ye a piece of my mind,—harkee! *Hang it! I'm off, about this here horse—this* Cacafogo.

Pop. Aye, aye, you got a tumble there, Blag.

Bla. That's not it, I knew how that would be, man alive!—but after all I did and said, and swore for him, here's master Beauchamp wants to jockey me out of the five guineas he promised. I won't stay wi' he—I won't—I gi' him warning, I did!—*All* too close fisted, one and all, for me.—I don't *like* a bone in any of their bodies, I don't.

Pop. *Like!*—who does? But what o' that. Not for love, but for money's our maxim, en't it, Blag? And it's not what they *give*, but what we *get*, I reckon on.

Bla. Why, Pop, I'm not clear we ben't in the wrong box there again, according to Onslow's groom.

Pop. Hey, how's that?—What of Onslow's groom?

Bla. I been having a word o' talk wi' he, and what do you think, but them Onslows has the finest place and house he tells, in all Buckinghamshire, and the most looked up to in the country.

Pop. Tale of a cock and a bull, and a roasted soldier! what's that to you and I, Blag?

Bla. Why this,—their sarvants has the finest time on't by all accounts—fine wages, punctual paid, good living, good usage, the best of masters and mistresses!

Pop. The best of flummery!—fudge—country fudge.—I'm supprised, Blag, a man like you, that knows the town——

Bla. Knows the town,—so I does,—but, harkee now, Pop.—What d'ye think of their footman that ris to be butler, and come'd last year, to get from the master a farm of his own; and what's more, in *my* opinion, the old coachman, in the face o' the country, settled up in a neat box of his own, with a green gate. Think o' that!—Curse me if I didn't begin to set you and I down for a couple of fools, in *ca-parison.*

Pop. Pshaw! There's picking every where for them that knows how,—but town's the *go* for men of five feet ten.

Bla. Confound me! tho', if I shouldn't like a house with a green gate, when I come'd to be foundered.

Pop. Foundered! Long till then, with me at least,—good legs these to stand upon, yet, I trust——

Bla. You knows best.—I've taken myself off in time.

Pop. I'll not make my bow, Blag, till I see how the guardianship goes.

Bla. Why, then, I can tell you about that.

Pop. What! Hey!—How! tell?

Bla. All I say is,—Onslow's groom shewed the young gentleman, St. Albans, the white hairs on Cacafogo's knees, and I take it there's a break-up. The Onslows has him—mark you.

Pop. Ha!—That's another case.—Thank ye, Blag, for the hint,—now I know who's in and who's out, I'll *rat* in time——Here's my lady.

Bla. Dang it! I'm off.

(*Exit* Blagrave.)

Enter Lady Courtington.

Lady C. Come, come, Juliana, my lord kept me unconscionably.—Where's my shawl?

Jul. Here, mamma.

Pop. (*Stepping forward ready to bow.*) My lady, if you please, I'd a word of consequence to say—(*Exit Lady* Courtington, *without listening.*) Miss Courtington, you please to tell my Lady—(*Exit Miss* Courtington, *without listening.*)

Popkin, *alone.*

Confound my lady and her shawl, and

Miss and her veil—so full of themselves, I could not make neither my speech nor my bow. Confound it! suppose I, John Popkin, was to end by being one of *the wants a sitiation scrubs*, myself!

(*Exit* Popkin, *without a pirouette.*)

SCENE IV.

A Poor Lodging.

Mrs. St. Albans—St. Albans *is lying on an old Sofa.*

St. Alb. Yes, I was stunned by the fall at first,—but I assure you, my dear mother, I am perfectly well again now, and you must not keep me here on a sofa. (*Rising.*)

Mrs. St. Alb. But your shoulder, Quaco told me, is terribly hurt.

St. Alb. Never mind what Quaco told you,—he was so frightened, poor fellow, he did not know what he saw or said. 'Tis only a cut, and a bruise.

Mrs. St. Alb. The surgeon said you should be kept quiet.

St. Alb. Surgeons always say so.—But, dear mother, what signifies the pain of body compared with the pain of mind I have felt, and must feel,—Beauchamp, whom I thought my friend!——

Mrs. St. Alb. To hazard my son's life for the sake of a few guineas!

St. Alb. Then he would laugh it off, and tell me, that gentlemen in England call this only *jockeying*.—I can't, I won't believe it.

Mrs. St. Alb. Believe it, no!—Who could believe that any gentleman in England would conspire, with his coachman or his groom, to cheat his friend?

St. Alb. Blagrave's a rogue; but there is a footman too, at Lady Courtington's, who has done infinite mischief.—Did Mr. Onslow tell you about Popkin, and the tickets?

Mrs. St. Alb. Yes, all that he heard this morning in the bookseller's shop, from poor professor Lichenschwartz, about Juliana.—She has paid dearly for her accomplishments. — Accomplishments !—What are they, if truth, if principle have been sacrificed ?

St. Alb. But her mother is more to blame than Juliana.

Enter Mr. Beauchamp Courtington, *on the opposite side.*

Beau. So, St. Albans ! glad to see you alive, and a foot again—ugly tumble.—But don't take it to heart, man—come, shake hands, and be friends.

St. Alb. Excuse me, Mr. Courtington: once I thought you my friend, but that time is past—for ever past !

Beau. (*With a forced laugh.*) Why, man, this is only what we call jockeying in England—fair between friends as well as foes,—follow my advice—take your revenge.—Jockey the first fresh fellow you meet,—*me,* if you are up to it :—Till then, fare you well.

(*Exit* Beauchamp Courtington.)

St. Alb. "*Till then, farewell.*" Arthur Onslow, you were right—he never was, never could be my friend.—But his sister —oh, Juliana! still I cannot but think she has a disposition as amiable as her countenance is beautiful.

Mrs. St. Alb. She is beautiful, I grant, *but*——

St. Alb. She has been much to blame, but still her *heart, I hope*——

Mrs. St. Alb. Her *heart, you hope, is* yours.

St. Alb. Ha! here comes Quaco with an answer to your note.

Enter Quaco.

Quaco. Massa, my lady and Miss come soon, and see how you do do;—(*aside*) but dey no care for you, Massa.

St. Alb. Juliana herself *coming!*— There, mother! there! is not this a proof? —Quaco, was she very much alarmed when she heard of my fall?—Did she grow pale?

Quaco. Massa, *yes*,—Miss grow pale

—very white.—(St. Albans *turns to his mother with a look of triumph.*—Quaco *continues.*) Very white!—cause Miss take rub de red off her two cheek—dis way—when she tink Quaco no see.—(*Mrs.* St. Albans *laughs.*—St. Albans *turns his back on* Quaco, *and walks away from him.*) Massa, no you be angry wid your own Quaco.—Oh, Massa, she want someting here!—(*striking his breast.*)

St. Alb. Here comes Mr. Onslow at last.

Enter Mr. Onslow.

Mr. Ons. My dear St. Albans, I'm rejoiced to see you safe—I first heard your neck was broke. Then your neck was not broke, but your skull was fractured—then your skull was not fractured, but your arm and your leg were broke,—and till I came to this house, I could get no account of your accident that could in the least be depended upon. I know at present that you have escaped with very little damage, from the danger of a foundered horse and a false friend.

St. Alb. A false friend !—Aye, there's the worst of it.

Mr. Ons. My groom saw this famous Cacafogo after the fall: his knees were cut, where they had been injured before, and where the white hairs had been stained over, as a noble piece of jockey-ship, by Mr. Beauchamp Courtington.

St. Alb. Oh, Sir, as to Beauchamp, I have done with him for ever.

Mr. Ons. And Juliana ?—" your heart still hovering round about her ?"

St. Alb. Heavens ! She 's come—I'll meet her. (*Exit hastily.*)

Quaco. (*Aside.*) Oh, Massa ! Massa ! take you care ! take you care !—she no love, she never, no never, love like Massa !

(*Lady* Courtington's *voice heard behind the scenes.*)

Well I'm so relieved !—I'm so rejoiced !

Enter Lady Courtington, *speaking.*

Lady C. I was so frightened, Mrs. St.

Albans!—so shocked, my dear creature.—
(*Puts one hand upon her heart, leans the other on Mrs.* St. Albans'*s arm.*)

Enter Juliana, *and* St. Albans.—St. Albans *supports* Juliana, *who seems to be in great agitation.*

Jul. I know it is so foolish to be so nervous——but I cannot help it sometimes. So you really are safe, St. Albans? (Juliana *and Mr.* St. Albans *retire a little, and talk apart.*)

Lady C. And was not it a most providential thing, now, since he was to meet with such a horrid accident, that it was so within reach of immediate assistance?

Mrs. St. Alb. I am sure we are exceedingly obliged to the good people of this house.

Mr. Ons. But where is the kind-hearted lady of it, who has taken you into her lodgings?—The people of the house just told me that she is ill, and in distress.

Mrs. St. Alb. Perhaps she might be able to see us, and I should so like to thank her.

Mr. Ons. I will go and ask whether she can be seen. (*Exit Mr.* Onslow.)

Lady C. I am sure we should all be delighted to see her!—one to whom we are so much obliged—should not we, Juliana? —the kind-hearted lady, as Mr. Onslow says, who received our St. Albans at his utmost need?

Jul. (*Advancing, and clasping her hands.*) Oh, how much obliged!—How I shall love her!

Enter Mr. Onslow *with Mrs.* Beauchamp.

Lady Courtington *and* Juliana *start, and exclaim,*

——Mrs. Beauchamp!

Quaco. (*To St. Albans.*) Massa!—de poor lady,—see now hear de truth,—now hear!

St. Alb. Hush!—Quaco.

Jul. (*Running up affectionately to Mrs.*

Beauchamp.) My dear Mrs. Beauchamp, is it really you?

Lady C. Now this is really quite romantic.

Jul. When I said, *How I shall love her*, I little thought it was our own old friend, Mrs. Beauchamp.—Our own relation.

Lady C. My own god-daughter—let me present you to Mrs. St. Albans.

Mrs. St. Alb. Madam, we return you our most sincere thanks for your kindness to my son.

Mrs. Beau. Oh, madam, those who have suffered evil themselves are perhaps the most ready to relieve it in others;—but there is so little in my power,—I hope the young gentleman is not much hurt.

St. Alb. Never was better in my life—accept my grateful thanks.—(*In a low voice.*) Can I speak one word?—I know I am—I must be, abrupt.

(St. Albans *takes her aside, while Lady* Courtington *and* Juliana, *in anxiety, appear to speak to Mrs.* St. Albans, *but watch from time to time,* St. Albans *and Mrs.* Beauchamp.—Quaco *stands still—his eyes moving quickly, and watching all that passes.)*

Quaco. Now, how dey look, how dey fear!—Now, Massa, you hear de truth—poor lady! hope tell out all! all!

Mrs. Beau. (*Going up to* Juliana.) I must now, Miss Courtington, return *you* my acknowledgements. When your footman, this morning, brought me down a one pound note, I little knew that in my basket you had deposited—by what means I know not—a sum far beyond the debt you owed me,—a present beyond my utmost hopes!—kind and generous! even at the time I unjustly reproached you.

Jul. Me!—(*aside.*) What can she mean?

(Quaco *neither moves nor speaks.*)

Mrs. Beau. (*After wiping tears from her eyes, continues.*) Not till after I returned home, did I discover—not till within these few minutes did I find the treasure you have given tome, to my children,—the treasure that is in this purse.

Jul. Treasure!—oh, don't mention such a trifle—say no more,—another time——

Lady C. Yes, yes, another time, Mrs. Beauchamp, pray!—a trifle not worth mentioning!

Mrs. Beau. You cannot call this a trifle!—(*Producing the purse which* Quaco *had put into her basket, and holding it up to view.*)

Quaco. (*Aside.*) Quaco no speak.

Jul. Oh dear! don't mention it, I insist.

Lady C. (*Aside.*) What can it all mean—St. Albans looks between life and death.

(St. Albans *advancing eagerly to look at the purse.*)

Jul. (*Covering it with her hands.*) Oh, don't! don't shew!—of all things, I so hate ostentation.

St. Alb. Mrs. Beauchamp!—I must beg—allow me for one moment to look at that purse. (*Mrs.* Beauchamp *puts it into his hands.*)

St. Alb. It is!—Heavens! it certainly is Quaco! This is the purse I gave him this morning.

Mrs. Beau. Quaco!

Quaco. Massa,—Quaco could not help give—Massa no ask Quaco more.

Mrs. Beau. Excellent creature, and I owe this to you!

St. Alb. And not to Juliana!

(St. Albans *puts his hands before his face, and leans on Mr.* Onslow's *shoulder.*)

Mr. Ons. (*Aside.*) Poor fellow!—and there she stands in contrast with this negro boy!

Mrs. St. Alb. (*Aside.*) Oh, shame!—I dare not raise my eyes.

Jul. (*Aside.*) So I make a pretty figure. (*Aloud.*) Mamma! I don't feel very well—I think you had better take me into the air.—(*Mrs.* Beauchamp *goes to support* Juliana.)

Lady C. Since you are so kind, Mrs. Beauchamp—if you will take her into the air;—Juliana is subject to these things.

Mrs. Beau. (*Leading* Juliana *off.*) I am sincerely sorry for it. (*Exeunt.*)

(St. Albans *sighs deeply.—They all stand silent for a moment.*)

Mr. Ons. (*Aside.*) How conscience-struck Lady Courtington stands.—All her fashionable fluency gone.

Mrs. St. Alb. (*Aside.*) 'Twould be but charity to speak,—but what to say!—Who will speak next?

Lady C. (*Aside.*) The game's up, I fear, but I'll not throw down my cards.—(*Aloud.*) In the midst of all this,—to me, incomprehensible, and, at all events, inconsequential *demelè*, or misunderstanding about I don't know what, we have actually forgotten, my dear Mrs. St. Albans—and St. Albans, my dear—and Mr. Onslow, to tell you that my lord is arrived, and so impatient, my beloved St. Albans——

St. Alb. *Beloved!*—Spare me, Lady Courtington.—Decided as I am, I will not keep you, Madam, one moment in suspense.

(*He walks with a firm step across from Lady* Courtington *to Mr.* Onslow.—*As he goes, Lady* Courtington *exclaims.*)

Lady C. The most ungrateful man on earth!—man! no! a mere boy! (*turning to Mrs.* St. Albans.) And you!—Oh, how I have been mistaken!—what I have wasted on you! (*Aside.*) "*Sympathy*" and "*Simplicity,*" both wasted!

(*Exit Lady* Courtington.)

St. Alb. (*To Mr.* Onslow.) You see, my dear Sir, how much I want a guide, a friend.—Will you accept the charge, or will you, to punish my indecision and follies, reject me?

Mr. Ons. (*Embracing him.*) Reject! next to my own son, there is not a being I love so well,—I may say it now.

St. Alb. My friend!—my guide!—my guardian!—

(*Mrs.* St. Albans *looks up thankfully to heaven*—Quaco *clasps his hands.*—*The curtain falls.*)

THE ROSE, THISTLE,

AND

SHAMROCK;

A Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR WILLIAM HAMDEN	*An elderly English Gentleman.*
CHRISTY GALLAGHER	*Landlord of an Irish village inn.*
MR. ANDREW HOPE	*A Drum-major in a Scotch regiment.*
OWEN LARKEN	*The Son of the Widow Larken—he is a Boy of about fifteen.*
GILBERT	*An English Servant of Sir William Hamden.*

WOMEN.

MISS O'HARA	*A young Heiress—Niece of Sir William Hamden.*
MISS FLORINDA GALLAGHER	*Daughter of Christy Gallagher.*
THE WIDOW LARKEN	*Mother of Owen and of Mabel.*
MABEL LARKEN	*Daughter of the Widow Larken.*
BIDDY DOYLE	*Maid of the Inn.*

Band of a Regiment.

SCENE.—*The Village of Bannow, in Ireland.*

The Rose, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Dressing-Room in Bannow-Castle, in Ireland.

Enter Sir William Hamden, *in his Morning Gown.*

Sir W. EVERY thing precisely in order, even in Ireland!—laid, I do believe, at the very same angle at which they used to be placed on my own dressing-table, at Hamden-place, in Kent. Exact Gilbert! most punctual of valet de chambres!—and a young fellow as he is too! It is admirable!—Aye, though he looks as if he was made of wood, and moves like an automaton, he has a warm heart, and a true English spirit—true born English every inch of him. Never was man more *prepossessed*, perhaps *prejudiced*, in favor of his own country, and his own county. I remember him, when first I saw him ten years ago at his father's, farmer Ashfield's, at the harvest-home; there was Gilbert in all his glory, seated on the top of a hay-rick, singing,

> "Then sing in praise of men of Kent,
> "So loyal, brave, and free;
> "Of Britain's race, if one surpass,
> "A man of Kent is he!"

How he brought himself to quit the men of Kent to come to Ireland with me, is wonderful. However, now he is here, I hope he is tolerably happy: I must ask the question in direct terms, for Gilbert would never speak till spoken to, let him feel what he might.

Sir W. (*Calls.*) Gilbert!—Gilbert!

Enter Gilbert.

Gilb. Here, Sir.

Sir W. Gilbert, now you have been

in Ireland some weeks, I hope you are not unhappy.

Gilb. No, Sir, thank you, Sir.

Sir W. But are you happy, man?

Gilb. Yes, Sir, thank you, Sir.

(Gilbert *retires, and seems busy arranging his master's clothes,—Sir* William *continues dressing.*)

Sir W. (*Aside.*) *Yes, Sir, thank you, Sir.*—As dry as a chip—sparing of his words, as if they were his last. Some masters complain that their servants will talk too much, but Gilbert's only fault is, his taciturnity. And the fellow can talk if he would—has humour too, if one could get it out; and eloquence, could I but touch the right string, the heart-string,—I'll try again. (*Aloud.*) Gilbert!

Gilb. Yes, Sir. (*comes forward respectfully.*)

Sir W. Pray what regiment was it that was passing yesterday, through the village of Bannow?

Gilb. I do not know, indeed, Sir.

Sir W. That is to say, you saw they

were Highlanders, and that was enough for you—You are not fond of the Scotch, Gilbert?

Gilb. No, Sir, I can't say as I be.

Sir W. But, Gilbert, for ~~my~~ sake you must conquer this prejudice. I have many Scotch friends whom I shall go to visit one of these days,—excellent friends they are!

Gilb. Are they, Sir.—If so be you found them so, I will do *my best, I'm* sure.

Sir W. Then pray go down to the inn here, and inquire if any of the Scotch officers are there?

Gilb. I will, Sir. I heard say the officers went off this morning.

Sir W. Then you need not go to inquire for them.

Gilb. No, Sir. Only as I hear say, the drum-major and band is to stay a few days in Bannow, on account of their wanting to enlist a new bugle-boy. I was a thinking, if so be, Sir, you thought well of it, on account you like these Scotch, I'd better to step down and see how the men be as to being comfortable.

Sir W. That's right, do. Pray have they tolerable accommodations at the inn in this village?

Gilb. (*Smiling.*) I can't say much for that, Sir.

Sir W. (*Aside.*) Now I shall set him going. (*Aloud.*) What! the inn here is not like one of our *English inns on the Bath road.*

Gilb. (*Suppressing a laugh.*) Bath road!—bless you, Sir, it's no more like an inn on the Bath road, nor on any road, cross or bye road whatsomdever, as ever I seed in England.—No more like—no more like than nothing at all, Sir!

Sir W. What sort of a place is it then?

Gilb. Why, Sir, I'd be ashamed almost to tell you.—Why, Sir, I never seed such a place to call an inn, in all my born days afore.—First and foremost, Sir, there's the pig is in and out of the kitchen all day long, and next the calf has what they call the run of the kitchen;

so what with them brute beasts, and the poultry that has no coop, and is always under one's feet, or over one's head,—the kitchen is no place for a christian, even to eat his bread and [redacted] in.

Sir W. Well, so much for the kitchen.—But the parlor—they have a parlor, I suppose?

Gilb. Yes, Sir, they have a parlor, as they may call it, if they think proper, Sir.—But then again, an honest English farmer would be *afeard on* his life to stay in it, on account of the ceiling just a coming down a' top of his head.—And if he should go up stairs, Sir, why that's as bad again, and worse.—For the half of them there stairs is rotten; and ever so many pulled down and burnt.

Sir W. Burnt!—the stairs?

Gilb. Burnt, Sir, as sure as I'm standing here!—burnt, Sir, for fuel one *scarce year*, as they says, Sir.—Moreover, when a man does get up the stairs, Sir, why he is as bad off again, and worse; for the floor of the place, they call the bedchamber, shakes at every step, as if it was a coming down with one; and the walls has all cracks, from top to toe—and there's rat-holes, or holes o' some sort or t'other, all in the floor; so that if a man don't pick his steps curiously, his leg must go down through the ceiling below. —And moreover, there's holes over head through the roof, Sir, so that if it rains, it can't but pour on the bed.—They tell me, *they used for to* shift the bed from one place to another, to find, as they say, the dry corner; but now the floor is grown so *crazy*, they dare not stir the bed for their lives.

Sir W. Worse and worse.

Gilb. And moreover, they have it now in the worst place in the whole room, Sir.—Close at the head of the bed where there is a window, with every pane broke, and some out entirely, and the women's petticoats and the men's hats just stuck in to *stop all for the night*, as they say, Sir. (Gilbert *tries to stifle his laughter.*)

Sir W. Laugh out, honest Gilbert.—

In spite of your gravity and your civility, laugh,—There is no harm, but sometimes a great deal of good done by laughing, especially in Ireland.—Laughing has mended, or caused to be mended, many things that never would have been mended otherwise.

Gilb. (*Recovering his gravity.*) That's true, I dare to say, Sir.

Sir W. Now, Gilbert, if you were to keep an inn, it would be a very different sort of inn from what you have been describing,—would not it?

Gilb. I hope so, Sir.

Sir W. I remember when we were talking of establishing you in England, that your father told me you would like to set up an inn.

Gilb. (*His face brightening.*) For sartain, Sir, 'tis the thing in the whole world I should like the best, and be the proudest on, if so be it was in my power, and if so be, Sir, you could spare me. (*Holding his master's coat for him to put on.*)

Sir W. *Could* spare you, Gilbert!—I *will* spare you, whether I can conveniently or not. If I had an opportunity of establishing advantageously a man who has served me faithfully for ten years, do you think I would not put myself to a little inconvenience to do it?—Gilbert, you do not know Sir William Hamden.

Gilb. Thank *you, Sir, but I do*—and *I should be main sorry to leave you*, that's sartain, if it was even to be landlord of the best inn in all England.—I know I should.

Sir W. I believe it.—But, stay—let us understand one another—I am not talking of England, and perhaps you are not thinking of Ireland.

Gilb. Yes, Sir, but I am.

Sir W. You are! I am heartily glad to hear it, for then I can serve you directly. This young heiress, my niece, to whom this town belongs, has a new inn ready built.

Gilb. I know, Sir.

Sir W. Then, *Gilbert, write a proposal for this inn, if you wish for it,* and I will speak to my niece.

Gilb. (*Bowing.*) I thank you, Sir—only I hope I shall not stand in any honest man's light. As to a dishonest man, I can't say I value standing in his light, being that he has no right to have any, as I can see.

Sir W. So, Gilbert, you *will settle in* Ireland at last?—I am heartily glad to see you have overcome your prejudices against this country.—How has this been brought about?

Gilb. Why, Sir, the thing was, I didn't know nothing about it, and there was a many lies told backwards and forwards of Ireland, by a many that ought to have known better.

Sir W. And now that you have seen with your own eyes, you are happily convinced, that in Ireland the men *are* not all savages.

Gilb. No, Sir, no ways savage, except in the article of some of them going bare-footed; but the men is good men, most of them.

Sir W. And the women?—You find that they have not wings on their shoulders.

Gilb. No, Sir. (*Smiling.*) And I'm glad they have not got wings, else they might *fly* away from us, which I'd be sorry for—some of them.

(*After making this speech,* Gilbert *steps back, and brushes his master's hat diligently.*)

Sir W. (*Aside.*) Ha! is that the case? Now I understand it all.—'Tis fair, that Cupid, who blinds so many, should open the eyes of some of his votaries. (*Aloud.*) When you set up as landlord in your new inn, Gilbert, (Gilbert *comes forward*) you will want a landlady, shall not you?

Gilb. (*Falls back, and answers.*) I shall, Sir, I suppose.

Sir W. Miss—what's her name? the

daughter of the landlord of the present inn. Miss—what's her name?

Gilb. (*Answers without coming forward.*) Miss Gallagher, Sir.

Sir W. Miss Gallagher?—A very ugly name!—I think it would be charity to change it, Gilbert.

Gilb. (*Bashfully.*) It would, no doubt, Sir.

Sir W. *She is a very pretty girl.*

Gilb. She is, Sir, no doubt.

(*Cleaning the brush with his hand, bows, and is retiring.*)

Sir W. Gilbert, stay. (Gilbert *returns.*) I say, Gilbert, I took particular notice of this Miss Gallagher, as she was speaking to you last Sunday.—I thought she seemed to smile upon you, Gilbert.

Gilb. (*Very bashfully.*) I can't say indeed, Sir.

Sir W. I don't mean, my good Gilbert, to press you to say any thing that you don't chuse to say.—It was not from idle curiosity that I asked any questions, but from a sincere desire to serve you in whatever way you like best, Gilbert.

Gilb. Oh, dear master!—I can't speak, you are so good to me, and always was—too good!—so I say nothing.—Only I'm not ungrateful—I know I'm not ungrateful, *that* I am not! And as to the rest there's not a thought I have you'd condescend for to know—but you should know it as soon as my mother—that's to say, as soon as ever I knowed it myself.—But, Sir, the thing is this, since you're so good to let me speak to you, Sir.

Sir W. Speak on, pray, my good fellow.

Gilb. Then, Sir, the thing is this.—There's one girl, they say, has set her thoughts upon me—now I don't like she, because why I loves another; but I should not chuse to say so, on account of it's not being over and above civil, and on account of my not knowing yet for sartin whether or not the girl I loves, loves me, being I never yet could bring myself to ask her the question—I'd rather *not* mention her name neither, till I be more at a sartinty.—But since you be so kind, Sir, if you be so good to give me till this evening, Sir, as I have now with the hopes of the new inn an independency to offer her, I will take courage, and I shall have her answer soon, Sir—and I will let you know with many thanks, Sir, whether—whether my heart's broke or not. (*Exit* Gilbert, *hastily.*)

Sir W. (*Alone.*) Good, affectionate creature!—But who would have thought, that out of that piece of wood a lover could be made?—This is Cupid's delight! (*Exit Sir* William.)

SCENE II.

Parlor of the Inn at Bannow.

Miss Florinda Gallagher, *sola.*

Various articles of dress on the floor—a looking-glass propped up on a chest—Miss Gallagher *is kneeling before the glass, dressing her long hair, which hangs over her shoulders.*

Miss G. I don't know what's come to this glass, that it is not flattering at all *the* day.—The spots and cracks in it is making me look so full of freckles and crow's feet—and my hair too that's such a figure, as straight and as stiff, and as stubborn as a presbyterian.—See! it won't curl for me—so it is in the papillotes it must be; and that's most genteel.

(*Sound of a drum at a distance—Miss* Gallagher *starts up and listens.*)

Miss G. Hark till I hear!—Is not that a drum I hear?—Aye, I had always a quick ear for the drum from my cradle. —And there's the whole band—but it's only at the turn of the avenue.—It's on parade they are.—So I'll be dressed and dacent before they are here, I'll engage. And it's my plaid scarf I'll throw over all, elegant for the Highlanders, and I don't doubt but the drum-major will be conquist to it at my feet afore night—and *what will* Mr. Gilbert say to that? and what matter *what he says?—I'm not* bound to him, especially as he never popped me the question, being so preposterously bashful, as them Englishmen have the misfortune to be.—But that's not my fault any way.—And if I happen to find a more shutable match, while he's turning the words in his mouth, who's to blame me?—My father, suppose!—And what matter?—Have not I two hundred pounds of my *own down* on the nail if the worst come to the worst, and why need I be a slave to any man, father or other?—But he'll kill himself soon with the whiskey, poor man, at the rate he's going.—Two glasses now for his *mornings*, and his *mornings* are going on all day. There he is, roaring. (*Mr.* Gallagher *heard singing.*) You can't come in here, Sir. (*She bolts the door.*)

Enter Christy Gallagher, *kicking the door open.*

Christy. Can't I, dear?—what will hinder me?—Give me the *kay* of the spirits, *if you plase.*

Miss G. Oh, Sir! sees how you are walking through all my things.

Christy. And they on the floor!—where else should I walk, but on the floor, pray, Miss Gallagher?—Is it, like a fly, on the ceiling you'd have me be, walking with my head upside down, to plase you.

Miss G. Indeed, Sir, whatever way you're walking, it's with your head upside down, as any body may notice, and that don't plase me at all—isn't it a shame, in a morning?

Christy. Phoo! don't be talking of shame, you that knows nothing about it.

But lend me the kay of the spirits, Florry.

Miss G. Sir, my name's Florinda—and I've not the kay of the spirits at all, nor any such vulgar thing.

Christy. Vulgar! is it the kay?

Miss G. Yes, Sir, it's very vulgar to be keeping of kays.

Christy. That's lucky, for I've lost all mine now. Every single kay I have in the wide world now I lost, barring this kay of the spirits, and that must be gone after the rest too, I b'lieve, since you know nothing of it, unless it be in this here chist. (Christy *goes to the chest.*)

Miss G. Oh mercy, Sir!—Take care of the looking-glass, which is broke already. Oh then, father, 'tis not in the chist 'pon my word and honor now, if you'll b'lieve; so don't be rummaging of all my things. (Christy *persists in opening the chest.*)

Christy. It don't signify, Florry; I've granted myself a gineral sarch-warrant, dear, for the kay; and by the blessing, I'll go clane to the bottom o' this chist. (*Miss* Gallagher *writhes in agony.*) Why what makes you stand twisting there like an eel or an ape, child?—What, in the name of the ould one, is it you're afeard on?—Was the chist full now of love-letter scrawls from the Grand Signior or the Pope itself, you could not be more tinder of them.

Miss G. Tinder, Sir!—to be sure, when it's *my best bonnet I'm thinking* on, which you are mashing entirely.

Christy. Never fear, dear! I won't mash an atom of the bonnet, provided always, you'll mash these apples for me, jewel. (*He takes apples out of the chest.*) And wasn't I lucky to find them in it? Oh, I knew I'd not sarch this chist for nothing.—See how they'll make an iligant apple-pie for Mr. Gilbert now, who loves an iligant apple-pie above all things—your iligant self always excipted, dear.

(*Miss* Gallagher *makes a slight curtsy, but motions the apples from her.*)

Miss G. Give the apples then to the girl, Sir, and she'll make you the pie, for I suppose she knows how.

Christy. And don't you then, Florry?

Miss G. And how should I, Sir?—You didn't send me to the dancing-school of Ferrinafad to larn me to make apple-pies, I conclude.

Christy. Troth, Florry, 'twas not I sint you there, sorrow *fut* (foot) but your mother; only she's in her grave, and it's bad to be talking ill of the dead any way. But be that how it will, Mr. Gilbert must get the apple-pie, for rasons of my own that need not be mintioned. So, Biddy! Biddy, girl! Biddy Doyle!

Enter Biddy, *running with a ladle in her hand.*

Christy. Drop whatever you have in your hand, and come here, and be hanged to you. And had you no ears to your head, Biddy?

Biddy. Sure I have, Sir—ears enough. Only they are bothering me so without, that pig and the dog fighting, that I could not hear ye calling at-all-at-all.—What is it?—For I'm skimming the pot, and can't lave it. *(Miss* Gallagher *goes on dressing.)*

Christy. It's only these apples, see!—You'll make me an apple-pie, Biddy, smart.

Biddy. Save us, Sir!—And how will I ever get time, when I've the hash to make for *them Scotch yet?* Nor can I tell, for the life of me, what it was I did with the onions and scallions neither, barring by great luck they'd be in and under the press here,—(*Running to look under the press*)—which they are, praised be God! in the far corner. (Biddy *stretches her arm under the press.*)

Christy. There's a nice girl, and a 'cute cliver girl, worth a dozen of your Ferrinafads.

(Biddy *throws the onions out from under the press, while he speaks.*)

Miss G. Then she's as idle a girl as treads the earth, in or out of shoe-leather, for there's my bed that she has not made yet, and the stairs with a month's dust always! and never ready by any chance to do a pin's worth for one, when one's dressing.

(*A drum heard; the sound seems to be approaching near.*)

Christy. Blood! the last rowl of the drum, and I not got the kay of the spirits.

Miss G. Oh, saints above! what's gone with my plaid scarf?—and my hair *behind*, see!

(*Miss* Gallagher *twists up her hair behind*—Biddy *gathers up the onions into her apron, and exit hastily.*—Christy *runs about the room in a distracted manner, looking under and over every thing, repeating—The kay! the kay! the kay!*)

Christy. For the whiskey must be had for them Scotch, and the bottled beer too for them English; and how will I get all or any without the kay? Bones, and distraction!

Miss G. And my plaid hanke'cher

that must be had, and where will I find it? —in the name of all the d*a*mons in this chaos you've made me out of the chist, father? And how will I git all in again, before the drum-major's in it?

Christy. (*Sweeping up a heap of things in his arms, and throwing them into the chest.*) Very asy, sure! this ways.

Miss G. (*Darting forward.*) There's the plaid handkecher.—(*She draws it out from the heap under her father's arm, and smooths it on her knee.*) But, oh! father, how you are making hay of my things!

Christy. Then I wish I could make hay of them, for hay is much wanting for the horses that's in it.

Miss G. (*Putting on her plaid scarf.*) Weary on these pins! that I can't stick any way at all, my hands all trimble so. —Biddy! Biddy! Biddy! Biddy, can't ye?—(*Re-enter* Biddy, *looking bewildered.*) Just pin me behind, girl—smart.

Christy. Biddy, is it?—Biddy, girl, come over and help me tramp down this hay.—(Christy *jumps into the chest.*)

Miss G. Oh, Biddy, run and stop him, for the love of God! with his brogues and big feet.

Biddy. Oh, marcy! that's too bad, Sir; get out o' that if you please, or Miss Florry will go mad, sure! and the major that's coming up the street,—Oh, Sir, if you plase, in the name of mercy!

Christy. (*Jumping out.*) Why, then, sittle it all yourself, Biddy, and success to you; but you'll no more get all in again afore Christmas, to the best of my opinion, no more, see! than you'd get bottled porter, froth and all, into the bottle again, once it was out.

Miss G. Such comparisons!—(*tossing back her head.*)

Christy. And caparisons!—(*pointing to the finery on the floor.*) But in the middle of it all, lend me the poker, which will answer for the master-kay, sure!—that poker that is houlding up the window—can't ye, Biddy?

(*Biddy runs and pulls the poker hastily from under the sash, which suddenly* *falls, and every pane of glass falls out and breaks.*)

Christy. Murder! and no glazier!

Miss G. Then, Biddy, of all girls, alive or dead, you're the awk'ardest, vulgarest, unluckiest to touch any thing at all!

Biddy. (*Picking up the glass.*) I can't think what's come to the glass, that makes it break so asy the day! sure I done it a hundred times the same, and it never broke wid me afore.

Christy. Well! stick up a petticoat, or something of the kind, and any way lend me hould of the poker, for in lieu of a kay, that's the only frind in need!

(*Exit* Christy *with the poker.*)

Miss G. There, Biddy, that will do—any how. Just shut down the lid, can't ye? and find me my other shoe. Biddy—then, lave that,—come out o' that, do girl, and see the bed!—run there, turn it up just any way;—and, Biddy, run here,—stick me this tortoise comb in the back of my head——oh! (*screams and starts* *away from* Biddy.) You ran it fairly into my brain, you did! you're the grossest! heavy handiest!—fit only to wait on Sheelah na Ghirah, or the like.—(*Turns away from* Biddy *with an air of utter contempt.*) But I'll go and resave the major properly.—(*Turns back as she is going, and says to* Biddy.) Biddy, settle all here, can't ye?—Turn up the bed, and sweep the glass and dust in the dust corner, for its here I'm bringing him to dinner,—so settle up all in a minute, do you mind me, Biddy! for your life!

(*Exit Miss* Gallagher.)

Biddy, *alone.—(Speaking while she puts things in the room in order.)*

Settle up all in a minute!—asy said!—and *for my life* too!—Why, then, there's not a greater slave than myself in all Connaught, or the three kingdoms,—from the time I get up in the morning, and that's afore the flight of night, till I get to my bed again at night, and that's never afore one in the morning.—But I wouldn't value all one pin's point, if it was kind and *shivil* (civil) she was to me. But after I strive, and strive to the utmost and beyand,—(*sighs deeply*) and when I found the innions, and took the apple-pie off her hands, and settled her behind, and all to the best of my poor ability for her, after, to go and call me Sheelah na Ghirah! though I don't rightly know who that Sheelah na Ghirah was, *from Adam!—But still* it's the bad language I get, goes to my heart.—Oh, if it had but plased heaven to have cast me my lot in the sarvice of a raal jantleman or lady, instead of the likes of these! Now, I'd rather be a dog in his honor's or her honor's house, than lie under the tongue of Miss Gallagher, as I do,—to say nothing of ould Christy.

Miss Gallagher*'s voice heard, calling,*

Biddy! Biddy Doyle! Biddy, can't ye?

Biddy. Here, Miss, in the room, readying it, I am.

Christy Gallagher's *voice heard, calling,* Biddy!—Biddy Doyle!—Biddy, girl! What's come o' that girl, that's always out o' the way idling, when wanted.—Plague take her!

Biddy. Saints above! hear him now!—But I scorn to answer.

Screaming louder in mingled voices—
Christy*'s and Miss* Gallagher*'s.*

Biddy!—Biddy Doyle!—Biddy, girl!

Mr. Gallagher. (*Putting in his head.*) Biddy! sorrow take ye! are ye in it?—And you are, and we cracking our vitals calling you.—What is it you're dallying here for.—Stir! stir! dinner! *Hanna-mun-duowl.**

(*He draws back his head, and Exit.*)

Biddy; *alone.*

Coming then!—Sure it's making up the room, I am with all speed, and the bed not made, after all!—(*Throws up the press-bed.*)—But to live in this here house, girl or boy, one had need have the lives of nine cats itself, and the legs of forty. (*Exit.*)

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* An Irish oath, spelled here as pronounced.

SCENE III.

The Kitchen of the Inn.

Miss Florinda Gallagher, *Mr.* Christy Gallagher.

Boys and Men belonging to the Band, in the back Scene.

Mr. G. (*To the band.*) The girl's coming as fast as possible to get yees your dinners, jantlemen, and sorrow better dinner than she'll give you: you'll get all instantly.—(*To Miss* Gallagher.) And am not I telling you, Florry, that the Drum-major did not come in yet at all, but went out through the town, to see get a billet and bed for the sick man they've got.

Enter Biddy, *stops and listens.*

Miss G. I wonder the major didn't

have the manners to step in, and spake to the lady first,—was he an Irishman, he would.

Biddy. Then it's my wonder he wouldn't step in to take his dinner first—was he an Englishman, he would.—But it's lucky for me and for him he didn't, becaase he couldn't, for it won't be ready this three-quarters of an hour—only the Scotch broth, which boiled over.

(Biddy *retires, and goes on cooking.—Mr.* Gallagher *fills out a glass of spirits to each of the band.*)

Miss G. Since the major's not in it, I'll not be staying here—for here's only riff-raff triangle and gridiron boys, and a black-a-moor, and that I never could stand, so I'll back into the room.—Shew the major up, do you mind, father, as soon as ever he'd come.

Mr. G. Jantlemen all! here's the king's health, and confusion worse confounded to his enemies, for yees; or, if ye like it better, here's the plaid tartan and fillibeg for yees, and that's a comprehensive toast—will give ye an appetite for your dinners.—(*They drink in silence.*)

Miss G. Did ye hear me, father?

Mr. G. Aye, aye.—Off with ye!

(*Exit Miss* Gallagher, *tossing back her head.*—Christy *pours out a glass of whiskey for himself, and with appropriate graces of the elbow and little finger, swallows it, making faces of delight.*)

Mr. G. Biddy! Biddy, girl, ye!—See the pig putting in his nose—keep him out,—can't ye?

Biddy. Hurrush! hurrush!—(*Shaking her apron.*) Then that pig's as sinsible as any Christian, for he'd run away the minute he'd see me.

Mr. G. That's manners o' the pig.—Put down a power more turf, Biddy:—see the jantlemen's gathering round the fire, and has a right to be *could* in their knees this St. Patrick's day in the morning—for it's March, that comes in like a lion,—but that's an English saying of

Mr. Gilbert's, and I don't know the end well.

(*The band during this speech appear to be speaking to* Biddy.—*She comes forward to Mr.* Gallagher.)

Mr. G. What is it they are whispering and conjuring, Biddy?

Biddy. 'Twas only axing me they were, could they all get beds the night in it.

Mr. G. Beds! aye can *yees*, and for a dozen more—only the room above is tinder in the joists, and I would not chuse to put more on the floor than two beds, and one shake-down, which will answer for five; for it's a folly to talk,—I'll tell you the truth, and not a word of lie.—Wouldn't it be idle to put more of yees in the room than it could hold, and to have the floor be coming through the parlor ceiling, and so spoil *two* good rooms for one night's bad rest, jantlemen?—Well, Biddy, what is it they're saying?

Biddy. They say they don't understand—can they have beds or not?

Mr. G. Why, body and bones!—*No,*—then, since nothing else will they comprehend,—*no,*—only five, say,—five can sleep in it.

(*The band divide into two parties.—Five remain, and the others walk off in silence.*)

Biddy. And it's into the room you'd best walk up, had not yees, five jantlemen, that sleep?

(*The five walk into the parlor—Mr.* Gallagher *preparing to follow, carrying whiskey bottle and jug—turns back, and says to* Biddy.)

Mr. G. Is it dumb they are all? or *innocents?*

Biddy. Not at all innocents! no more than myself nor your self.—Nor dumb neither, only that the Scotch tongue can't spake English as we do.

Mr. G. Oh! if that's all, after dinner the whiskey punch will make 'em spake, I'll engage.

(*Exit Mr.* Gallagher.)

Biddy. 'Tis I that am glad they've taken themselves away, for there's no cooking with all the men in the fire.

Enter Mr. Andrew Hope, *Drum-Major.*

Mr. H. A gude day to *you, my gude lassy.*

Biddy. The same to you, Sir, and kindly. I beg your pardon for not knowing—would it be the Drum-Major, Sir?

Mr. H. No offence, my gude lass,—I am Andrew Hope, and *Drum-Major.*—I met some of my men in the street coming down, and they told me they could not have beds here.

Biddy. No, Sir, plase your honor, only five that's in the room yonder,—if you'd be plased to walk up, and you'll get your dinner immediately, your honor, as fast as can be dished, your honor.

Mr. H. No hurry, my gude lass.—But I would willingly see the beds for my poor fellows, that has had a sair march.

Biddy. Why, then, if your honor would take a fool's advice, you'd not be looking at them beds, to be spoiling your dinner—since good or bad all the looking at 'em in the wide world, won't mend 'em one feather, sure.

Mr. H. My gude girl, that's true.—Still I'd like ever to face the worst.

Biddy. Then it's up that ladder you'll go.

Mr. H. No stairs.

Biddy. Oh, there are stairs—but they are burnt and coming down, and you'll find *the ladder* safest and best;—only mind the little holes in the floor, if you plase, your honor.

(*Mr.* Hope *ascends the ladder, while she speaks, and goes into the bed-chamber above.*)

Biddy, *sola.*

Well, I'm ashamed of my life, when a stranger and foreigner's reviewing our house, though I'm only the girl in it, and no ways answerable. It frets me for my country forenent them Scotch and English.—(*Mr.* Hope *descends the ladder.*) Then I'am sorry it's not better for your honor's self, and men.—But there's a new inn to be opened the 25th, in this town; and if you return this way, I hope things will be more agreeable and proper.—But you'll have no bad dinner, your honor, any way;—There's Scotch broth, and Scotch hash, and colcannon, and fried eggs and bacon, and a turkey, and a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, and *pratees** the best, and well boiled, and I hope, your honor, that's enough for a soldier's dinner, that's not nice.

Mr. H. Enough for a soldier's dinner! aye, gude truth, my lass; and more than enough for Andrew Hope, who is no ways nice.—But, tell me, have you no one to help you here, to dress all this?

Biddy. Sorrow one! to do a hand's turn for me, but myself, plase your honor; for the daughter of the house is too fine to put her hand to any thing in life:—but she's in the room there within, beyond, if you would like to see her—a fine lady she is!

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* Potatoes.

Mr. H. A fine lady, is she?—Weel! Fine or coarse, I shall like to see her,—and weel I may and must, for I had a brother once I luved as my life; and four years back that brother fell sick here, on his road to the north, and was kindly tended here at the inn at Bannow; and he charged me, puir lad, on his death-bed, *if ever fate should* quarter me in Bannow, to inquire for his gude friends at the inn, and to return them his thanks; and so I'*m* fain to do, and will not sleep till I've done so.—But tell me first, my kind lassy, for I see you are a kind lassy,—tell me, has not this house had a change of fortune, and fallen to decay of late? for the inn at Bannow was pictured to me as a bra' neat place.

Biddy. Ah! that was, may-be, the time the Larkens had it?

Mr. H. The Larkens!—that was the very name,—it warms my heart to hear the sound of it.

Biddy. Aye, and quite another sort of an inn this was, I hear talk, in their time, —and quite another guess sort, the Larkens from these Gallaghers.

Mr. H. And what has become of the Larkens, I pray?

Biddy. They are still living up yonder, by the bush of Bannow, in a snug little place of a cabin,—that is the widow Kelly.

Mr. H. Kelly!—*but I am looking* for Larken.

Biddy. Oh, Larken! that's Kelly.—'Tis *all* one—she *was* a Kelly before she was married, and in this country we stick to the maiden's name throughout.

Mr. H. The same in our country—often.

Biddy. Indeed! and her *daughter's* name is Mabel, after the Kellys; *for you* might have noticed, if *it ever happened* your honor to hear it, an *ould* song of Mabel Kelly—*Planxty* Kelly. Then the present Mabel is as sweet a cratur as ever the ould Mabel Kelly was——but I must mind the colcannon.—(*She goes to lift a pot off the fire.*)

Mr. H. Hold! my gude girl, let me do that for you, mine is a strong haund.

Biddy. I thank your honor,—it's too much trouble entirely for a jantleman like you,—but it's always the best jantleman has the *laste* pride.—Then them Kellys is a good race, ould and young, and I love 'em, root and branch. Besides Mabel the daughter, there's Owen the son, and as good a son he is—no better! He got an edication in the beginning, till the troubles come across his family, and the boy, the child, for it's bare fifteen he is this minute, give up all his hopes and prospects, the cratur! to come home and slave for his mother.

Mr. H. Ah, that's weel! that's weel! I luve the lad that makes a gude son.—And is the father *deed?*

Biddy. Aye, dead and deceased he is, long since, and was buried just upon that time that ould Sir Cormac, father of the young heiress that is now at the castle above,—the former landlord that was over us, died, see!—Then there was new times and new *takes*, and the widow was turned out of the inn, and these Gallaghers got it, and all wint wrong and to rack; for Mrs. Gallagher, that was, drank herself into her grave unknown's't, for it was by herself in private she took it; and Christy Gallagher, the present man, is doing the same, *only publicly*, and running through all, and the *house is tumbling over* our ears,—but he hopes to get the new inn, and if he does, why, he'll be lucky—and that's all I know, for the dinner is done now, and I'm going in with it—and won't your honor walk up to the room now.

Mr. H. (*Going to the ladder.*) Up here?

Biddy, Oh, it's not *up* at all your *honor*, sure! but down here,—through *this* ways.

Mr. H. One word more, my gude lassy. As soon as we shall have all dined, and you shall have ta'en your ane dinner, I shall beg of you, if you be not then too much tired, to shew me the way to that bush of Bannow, whereat this widow Larken's cottage is.

Biddy. With all the pleasure in life, if I had not a fut to stand upon.

(*Exit Mr.* Hope.—Biddy *follows with a dish smoking hot.*)

Biddy. And I hope you'll find it an iligant Scotch hash, and there's innions plinty,—sure the best I had I'd give you, for I'm confident now he's the true thing, —and tho' he is Scotch, he desarves to be Irish, every inch of him,—I seen that with half an eye.

(*Exit* Biddy Doyle.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Irish Cabin.—The Kitchen.

Widow Larken—*on one side of her,* Mabel *at needle-work—on the other side,* Owen *her son enters, bringing in a spinning-wheel, which he places before his mother.*

Owen. THERE, mother, is your wheel mended for you.

Mabel. Oh, as good as new, Owen has made it for you.

Widow. Well, whatever troubles come upon me in this world, have not I a right to be thankful, that has such good childer left me?—Still it grieves me, and goes to the quick of my heart, Mabel, dear, that your brother here should be slaving for me, a boy that is qualified for better.

Owen. And what better can I be, than working for my mother—man or boy?

Mabel. And if he thinks it no slavery, what slavery is it, mother?

Owen. Mother, to-day is the day to propose for the new inn—I saw several with the school-master, who was as busy as a bee, penning proposals for them, according as they dictated, and framing letters and petitions for Sir William Hamden and Miss O'Hara. Will you go up to the castle and speak, mother?

Widow. No, no—I can't speak, Owen.

Owen. Here's the pen and ink-horn, and I'll sit me down, if you'd sooner write than speak.

Widow. See, Owen, to settle your mind, I would not wish to get that inn.

Owen. Not wish to get it!—The new inn, mother—but if you had gone over it, as I have. 'Tis the very thing for you.—Neat and compact as a nutshell, not one of them grand inns, too great for the place, that never answers no more than the hat that's too big for the head, and that always blows off.

Widow. No, dear, not the thing for me, now a widow, and your sister Mabel, tho' tis not for me to say—such a likely fine girl—I'd not be happy to have her in a public house—so many of all sorts that would be in it, and drinking, may be, at fairs and funerals, and no man of the house, nor master, nor father for her.

Owen. Sure, mother, I'm next to a father for her.—Amn't I a brother, and no brother ever loved a sister better, or was more jealous of respect for her; and if you'd be pleasing, I could be man and master enough.

Widow. (*Laughing.*) You, ye dear slip of a boy!

Owen. (*Proudly, and raising his head high.*) Slip of a boy as I am then, and little as you think of me——

Widow. Oh, I think a great deal of

you! only I can't think you big nor old, Owen, can I?

Owen. No—nor any need to be big or old, to keep people of all sorts in respect, mother.

Widow. Then he looked like his father,—did not he, Mabel?

Mabel. He did—God bless him!

Owen. Now hear me, mother, for I'm going to speak sense.—You need not listen, Mabel.

Mabel. But it's what I like to listen to sense, especially yours, Owen.

Owen. Then I can't help it.—You must hear, even if you blush for it.

Mabel. Why would I blush?

Owen. Because you won't be able to help it, when I say Mr. Gilbert.—See!

Mabel. Oh, dear Owen! that's not fair. (*She falls back a little.*)

Owen. Well, mother, it's with you I'm reasoning. If he was your son-in-law——

Widow. Hush! that he'll never be.

Now, Owen, I'll grow angry if you put nonsense in the girl's head.

Owen. But if it's in the man's head, it's not a bit nonsense.

Mabel. Owen, you might well say I shouldn't listen to you. (*Exit* Mabel.)

Widow. There now, you've drive your sister off.

Owen. Well, Gilbert will bring her on again, may be.

Widow. May be—but that *may be* of yours might lead us all wrong.

(*She lays her hand on* Owen'*s arm, and speaks in a serious tone.*)

Widow. Now, dear, don't be saying one word more to her, lest it should end in a disappointment.

Owen. Still it is my notion, 'tis Mabel he loves.

Widow. Oh! what should you know, dear, o' the matter?

Owen. Only having eyes and ears like another.

Widow. Then what hinders him to speak?

Owen. It's bashfulness only, mother. Don't you know what that is?

Widow. I do, son.—It's a woman sure, should know that best sure.—And it is not Mabel, nor a daughter of mine, nor a sister of yours, Owen, should be more forward to understand, than the man is to speak,—was the man a prince.

Owen. Mother, you are right; but I'm not wrong neither.—And since I'm to say no more, I'm gone, mother.

(*Exit* Owen.)

Widow. (*Alone.*) Now who could blame that boy, whatever he does or says? It's all heart he is, and wouldn't hurt a fly, except from want of thought. But, stay now, I'm thinking of them soldiers that is in town. (*Sighs.*) Then I didn't sleep since ever they come; but whenever I'd be sinking to rest, starting, and fancying I heard the drum for Owen to go. (*A deep groaning sigh.*) Och! and then the apparition of Owen in regimentals was afore me!

Enter Owen, *dancing and singing.*

"Success to my brains, and success to my tongue!
"Success to myself, that never was wrong!"

Widow. What is it?—what ails the boy?—Are ye mad, Owen?

Owen. (*Capering, and snapping his fingers.*) Aye, mad! mad with joy I am. And it's joy I give you, and joy you'll give me, mother darling. The new inn's yours, and no other's, and Gilbert is your own too, and no other's—but Mabel's for life.—And is not there joy enough for you, mother?

Widow. Joy!—Oh, too much! (*She sinks on a seat.*)

Owen. I've been too sudden for her!

Widow. No dear,—not a bit—only just give me time—to feel it.—And is it true?—And am I in no dream now?—And where's Mabel, dear?

Owen. Gone to the well, and Gilbert with her.—We met her, and he turned off with her, and I come on to tell you, mother dear.

Widow. Make me clear and certain; for I'm slow and weak, dear.—Who told you all this good?—and is it true?—And my child Mabel *mavourneen!*—Oh, tell me again it's true.

Owen. True as life. But your lips is pale still, and you all in a tremble. So lean on me, mother, dear, and come out into God's open air, till I see your spirit come back—and here's your bonnet, and we'll meet Mabel and Gilbert, and we'll all go up to the castle to give thanks to the lady.

Widow. (Looking up to heaven.) Thanks! Oh, haven't I great reason to be thankful, if ever widow had!

(Exeunt, Widow *leaning on* Owen.)

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Bannow Castle.

Footmen bringing in Baskets of Flowers.

Clara *and Sir* William Hamden.

Clara. Now, my dear uncle, I want to consult you.

Sir W. And welcome, my child.—But if it is about flowers, you could not consult a worse person, for I scarcely know a rose from a——. What is this you have here—a thistle?

Clara. Yes, Sir—and that is the very thing I want your opinion about.

Sir W. Well, my dear, all I know about thistles, I think, is, that asses love thistles—will that do?

Clara. Oh no, Sir—pray be serious, for I am in the greatest hurry to settle how it is all to be.—You know it is St. Patrick's day.

Sir W. Yes, and here is plenty of shamrock, I see.

Clara. Yes, here is the shamrock—the rose, the ever blowing rose—and the thistle.—And as we are to have Scotch, English, and Irish at our little fête champetre this evening, don't you think it would be pretty to have the tents hung with the rose, thistle, and shamrock joined?

Sir W. Very pretty, my dear; and I am glad there are to be tents, otherwise a fête champetre in the month of March, *would* give me the rheumatism, even to think of.

Clara. Oh, my dear Sir, not at all.—You will be snug and warm in the greenhouse.

Sir W. Well, Clara, dispose of me as you please,—I am entirely at your service for the rest of my days.

Clara. Thank you, Sir—you are the best of uncles, guardians, and friends.

(*Miss* O'Hara *goes back, and appears to be giving directions to the servants.*)

Sir W. Uncle, nature made me—guardian, your father made me—friend, you made me yourself, Clara. (*Sir* William *comes forward, and speaks as if in reverie.*) And evermore my friendship for her shall continue, though my guardianship is over. I am glad I conquered my indolence, and came to Ireland with her; for a cool English head will be wanting to guide that warm Irish heart.—And here I stand counsel for prudence against generosity!

Clara. (*Advancing to him playfully.*) A silver penny for your thoughts, uncle.

Sir W. Shall I never teach you economy—such extravagance, to give a penny, and a silver penny for what you may have for nothing.

Clara. Nothing can come of nothing—speak again.

Sir W. I was thinking of you, my—*ward* no longer.

Clara. Ward, always, pray, Sir.—Whatever I may be in the eye of the law, I am not arrived at years of discretion yet, in my own opinion, nor in yours, I suspect.—So I pray you, uncle, let me still have the advantage of your counsel and guidance.

Sir W. You ask for my advice, Clara. —Now let me see whether you will take it.

Clara. I am all attention.

Sir W. You know you must allow me a little prosing. You are an heiress, Clara—a rich heiress—an Irish heiress. You desire to do good, don't you?

Clara. (*With eagerness.*) With all my heart!—with all my soul!

Sir W. That is not enough, Clara.—You must not only desire to do good, you must know how to do it.

Clara. Since you, uncle, know that so well, you will teach it to me.

Sir W. Dear, flattering girl—but you shall not flatter me out of the piece of advice I have ready for you.—Promise me two things.

Clara. And first, for your first.

Sir W. *Finish whatever you begin.*—

Good beginnings, it is said, make good endings; but great beginnings often make little endings, or, in this country, no endings at all. *Finis—coronat opus*—and that crown is wanting wherever I turn my eyes. Of the hundred magnificent things your munificent father began——

Clara. (*Interrupting.*) Oh, Sir, spare my father!—I promise you that *I* will finish whatever I begin. What's your next command?

Sir W. Promise me that you will never make a promise to a tenant, nor any agreement about business, but in writing—and empower me to say that you will never keep any verbal promise about business—then, none such will ever be claimed.

Clara. I promise you——Stay!—This is a promise about business, I must give it to you in writing.

Miss O'Hara *sits down to a writing-table, and writes.*

Sir W. (*Looking out of the window.*) I hope I have been early enough in giving this my second piece of [illegible] worth a hundred sequins—for [illegible] is crowded with grey-coated [illegible] and the table here is already covered with letters and petitions.

Miss O'H. Yes, uncle, but I have not read half of them yet.

(*Presents the written promise to Sir William.*)

Sir W. [illegible] will be thankful to me for this, when I am dead and gone.

Clara. And whilst you are alive and here, if you please, uncle. Now, Sir, since you are so kind to say that your time is at my disposal, will you have the goodness to come with me to these grey-coated suitors, and let us give answers to these poor petitioners, who, "as in duty bound, will ever pray." (*Takes up a bundle of papers.*)

Sir W. (*Taking a letter from his pocket.*) First, my dear niece, I must add to the number. I have a little bu ness.—A petition to present from a *protégé* of mine.

Clara. A protegé of yours!—Then it is granted, whatever it be.

Sir W. (*Smiling.*) Recollect your promise, Clara.

Clara. Oh, true—it must be in writing.

(*She goes hastily to the writing-table, and takes up a pen.*)

Sir W. Read before you write, my dear—I insist upon it.

Clara. Oh, Sir, when it is a request of yours, how can I grant it soon enough? But it shall be done in the way you like best—slowly—deliberately—(*opening the letter*)—in minuet time.—And I will look before I leap—and I'll read before I write. (*She reads the signature.*) Gilbert.——Honest Gilbert, how glad I shall be to do any thing for you, independently of your master.

(*Reads on, suddenly lets the letter drop; and clasps her hands.*)

Clara. Sir.—Uncle, my dear uncle,

how unfortunate I am! Why did not you ask me an hour ago?—Within this hour I have promised the new inn to another person.

Sir W. Indeed!—That is unfortunate. My poor Gilbert will be sadly disappointed.

Clara. How vexed I am!—But I never should have thought of Gilbert for the inn,—I fancied he disliked Ireland so much, that he would never have settled here.

Sir W. So thought I till this morning.—But love, my dear—love is lord of all. Poor Gilbert!

Clara. Poor Gilbert!—I am so sorry I did not know this sooner.—Of all people, I should for my own part have preferred Gilbert for the inn, he would have kept it so well.

Sir W. He would so. (*Sighs.*)

Clara. I do so blame myself—I have been so precipitate, so foolish, so wrong—without consulting you even.

Sir W. Nay, my dear, I have been

[illegible] as foolish, as precipitate as you; for before I consulted you, I told Gilbert that I could almost *promise* that he should have the inn in consequence of my recommendation.—And upon the strength of that *almost* he is gone a courting. My dear, we are both a couple of fools; but I am an old—you are a young one. There is a wide difference. —Let that comfort you.

Clara. Oh, Sir, nothing comforts me, I am so provoked with myself,—and you will be so provoked with me, when I tell you how silly I have been.

Sir W. Pray tell me.

Clara. Would you believe that I have literally given it for a song.—A man sent me this morning a copy of verses to the heiress of Bannow. The verses struck my fancy—I suppose because they flattered me.—And with the verses came a petition setting forth claims, and a tenant's right and fair promises, and a proposal for the new inn; and at the bottom of the paper I rashly wrote [illegible] heads.—[illegible] [illegible]

Sir W. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] My dear Clara, I cannot flatter you—this certainly is not a [illegible] representation. So, to reward a poet, you made him an inn-keeper.—Well, I have known wiser heads, to reward a poet, make him an exciseman.

Clara. But, Sir, I am not quite so silly as they were, for I did not *make* the poet an inn-keeper,—he is one already.

Sir W. An inn-keeper already!—Who do you mean?

Clara. A man with a strange name —or a name that will sound strange to your English ears—Christy Gallagher.

Sir W. A rogue and a drunken dog, I understand—but he is a poet, and knows how to flatter the heiress of Bannow.

Clara. (*Striking her forehead.*) Silly, silly Clara!

Sir W. (*Changing his tone from irony to kindness.*) Come, my dear Clara, I will not torment you any more.—You deserve to have done a great deal of mischief by your precipitation; but I believe this time you have done little or none, at least none that is irremediable; and you have made Gilbert happy, I hope and believe, tho' without intending it.

Clara. My dear uncle, you set my heart at ease—but explain.

Sir W. Then, my dear, I shrewdly suspect that the daughter of this Christy *What-do-you-call-him*, is the lady of Gilbert's thoughts.

Clara. I see it all in an instant.—That's delightful. We can pension off the drunken old father, and Gilbert and the daughter will keep the inn.—Gilbert is in the green-house, preparing the colored lamps—let us go and speak to him this minute, and settle it all.

Sir W. Speak to him of his loves?—

Oh, my dear, you'd kill him on the spot. —He's so bashful, he'd blush to death.

[illegible]ra. Well, Sir, [illegible] you go alone, and I will keep far, far aloof.

(*Exeunt at opposite sides.*)

SCENE III.

Parlor of the Inn.

Christy *and Miss* Gallagher.

Christy. (*To Miss* Gallagher, *slapping her on her back.*) Hould up your head child, there's money bid for you.

Miss G. Lord, father, what a thump on the back to salute one with. Well, Sir, and if money is bid for me, no wonder.—I suppose it's because I have money.

Christy. That's all the rason—you've hit it, Florry. It's money that love always looks for now.—So you may be proud to larn the news I have for you, which will fix Mr. Gilbert, your bachelor, for life, I'll engage—and make him speak out you'll see, afore night-fall. We have the new inn, dear!—I've got the promise here under her own hand-writing.

Miss G. Indeed!—Well, I'm sure I shall be glad to get out of this hole, which is not fit for a rat or a christian to live in—and I'll have my music and my piano in the back *parlor, genteel.*

Christy. Oh, Ferrinafad, are you there?—It's your husband must go to that expinse, my precious, if he chuses *twingling* and *tweedling*, instead of the puddings and apple-pies—*that* you'll settle betwix yees; and in the honey-moon, no doubt, you've cunning enough to compass that, and more.

Miss G. To be sure, Sir, and before I come to the honey-moon, I promise you; for I won't become part or parcel of any man that ever wore a head, except he's music in his soul enough to allow me my piano in the back parlor.

Christy. Asy! asy! Ferrinafad—don't

be talking about the piano-forte, till you are married.—Don't be shewing the halter too soon to the shy horse—it's with the sieve of oats you'll catch him; and his head once in the sieve, you have the halter on him clane. Pray, after all, tell me, Florry, the truth—did Mr. Gilbert ever ax you?

Miss G. La, Sir, what a coarse question.—His eyes have said as much a million of times.

Christy. That's good—but not in law, dear.—For see you could not *sue* a man in the four courts for a breach of promise made only with the eyes, jewel. It must be with the tongue afore witness, mind, or under the hand, sale, or mark.—Look to that.

Miss G. But, dear Sir, Mr. Gilbert is so tongue-tied with that English bashfulness.

Christy. Then Irish impudence must cut the string of that tongue, Florry.—Lave that to me, unless you'd rather yourself.

Miss G. Lord, Sir—what a rout about

one man, when, if I please, I might have a dozen lovers.

Christy. Be the same more or less.—But one rich bachelor's worth a dozen poor, that is, for the article of a husband.

Miss G. And I dare say the drum-major is rich enough, Sir—for all Scotchmen, they say, is fond of money and œconomie; and I'd rather after all be the lady of a military man. (*Sings.*)

"I'll live no more at home,
"But I'll follow with the drum,
"And I'll be the captain's lady, oh!"

Christy. Florry! Florry! mind you would not fall between two stools, and nobody to pity you.

Enter Biddy.

Miss G. Well, what is it?

Biddy. The bed.—I was seeing was the room empty, that I might make it; for it's only turned up it is, when I was called off to send in dinner.—So I believe I'd best make it now, for the room will be wanting for the tea-drinking, and what not.

Miss G. Aye, make the bed do, sure it's aisy, and no more about it;—you've talked enough about it to make twenty beds, one harder nor the other,—a talk would do. (Biddy *goes to make the bed.*) And I'm sure there's not a girl in the parish does less in the day, for all the talk you keep. Now I'll [illegible] tell [illegible] you didn't do, that you ought [illegible] day, Biddy.

(*While Miss* Gallagher *is speaking to* Biddy, *Mr.* Gallagher *opens a press —pours out, and swallows a dram.*)

Christy. Oh, that would be too long telling, Florry—and that'll keep cool,—Lave her now, and you may take your scold out another time.—I want to spake to you.—What's this I wanted to say?—My memory's confusing itself.—Oh, this was it,—I didn't till you how I got this promise of the inn.—I did it nately,—I got it for a song.

Miss G. You're joking,—and I believe, Sir, you're not over and above tober.—There's a terrible strong smell of the whiskey.

Christy. No, the whiskey's not strong, dear, at-all-at-all!—You may keep smelling what way you plase, but I'm as sober as a judge, still,—and, drunk or sober, always knows and knewed on which side my bread was buttered:—got it for a song, I tell you,—a bit of a complimentary, adulatory scroll, that the young lady fancied—and she, slap-dash, Lord love her, and keep her always so! writes at the bottom, *granted the poet's petition.*

Miss G. And where on earth, then, did you get that song?

Christy. Where but in my brains should I get it?—I could do that much any way, I suppose, though it was not my luck to be edicated at Ferrinafad.

(*Miss* Gallagher *looks back and sees* Biddy *behind her.—Miss* Gallagher *gives her a box on the ear.*)

Miss G. Manners!—That's to teach

Biddy. Manners!—Where would I larn them—when I was only waiting the right time to ax you what I'd do, for a clane pillow case.

Miss G. Why turn that you have inside out, and no more about it.

Christy. And turn yourself out of this, if you plase.—(*He turns* Biddy *out by the shoulders.*) Let me hear you singing *Baltiorum* in the kitchen, for security that you're not hearing my sacrets.—There she's singing it now, and we're snug;—tell me when she stops, and I'll stop myself.

Miss G. Then there's the girl has ceased singing.—There's somebody's come in, into the kitchen, may be it's the drum-major.—I'll go see.

(*Exit Miss* Gallagher.)

Christy, *solus.*

There she's off now! And I must after her, else she'll spoil her market, and my own.—But look ye, now—if I shouldn't find her agreeable to marry this Mr. Gilher, the man I've laid out for her, why here's a good stick that will bring her to reason in the last resort.—For there's no other way of reasoning with Parrimafad.

(*Exit* Christy.)

SCENE IV.

The Garden of the Widow Larken's Cottage.

Owen *and* Mabel.

Owen. How does my mother bear the disappointment, Mabel, about the inn.

Mabel. Then to outward appearance, she did not take it so much to heart, as I expected she would. But I'm sure she frets inwardly—because she had been in such hopes, and in such spirits, and so proud to think how well her children would all be settled.

Owen. Oh, how sorry I am I told her in that hurry, the good news I heard, and all to disappoint her afterwards, and break her heart with it.

Mabel. No, she has too good a heart to break for the likes.—She'll hold up again after the first disappointment—she'll struggle on for our sakes, Owen.

Owen. She will,—but Mabel dearest, what do you think of Gilbert?

Mabel. (*Turning away.*) I strive not to think of him at all.

Owen. But sure I was not wrong there—he told me as much as that he loved you.

Mabel. Then he never told me that much.

Owen. No! What, not when he walked with you to the well?

Mabel. No.—What made you think he did?

Owen. Why, the words he said about you when he met me, was—where's your sister Mabel?—Gone to the well, Gilbert, says I:—and do you think a man that has a question to ask her, might make bold to step after her, says he. Such a man as you—why not, says I.—Then he stood still and twirled a rose he held in his hand, and he said nothing, and I no more, till he stooped down, and from the grass where we stood, pulled a sprig of clover.—Is not this what *you* call shamrock? says he,—It is, says I. Then he puts the shamrock along with the rose—How would *that* do? says he.

Mabel. Did he say that, Owen?

Owen. Yes, or, how would they look together?—Or, would they do together? —Or some words that way, I can't be particular to the word,—you know he speaks different from us, but that surely was the sense; and I minded too, he blushed up to the roots, and I pitied him, and answered——

Mabel. Oh, what did you answer?

Owen. I answered and said, I thought they'd do very well together,—and that it was good when the Irish Shamrock and the English Rose was united.

Mabel. (*Hiding her face with her hands.*) Oh, Owen, that was too plain.

Owen. Plain!—not at all,—it was not.—It's only your tenderness makes you feel it too plain,—for listen to me, Mabel.—(*Taking her hand from her face.*) Sure, if it had any meaning particular, it's as strong for Miss Gallagher, as for any body else.

Mabel. That's true:—and may be it was that way he took it,—and may be it is her he was thinking of——

Owen. When he asked me for you?—But I'll not mislead you, I'll say nothing,—for it was a shame he did not speak out, after all the encouragement he got from me.

Mabel. Then he did get encouragement from you?

Owen. That is—(*smiling*) taking it the other way, he might understand it so, if he had any conscience.—Come now, Mabel, when he went to the well, what did he say to you? For I am sure he said something.

Mabel. Then he said nothing,—but

just put the rose and shamrock into my hand.

Owen. O! did he?—And what did you say?

Mabel. I said nothing.—What could I say?

Owen. I wish I'd been with you, Mabel.

Mabel. I'm glad you were not, Owen.

Owen. Well, what did he say next?

Mabel. I tell you he said nothing, but cleared his throat and hemmed, as he does often.

Owen. What, all the way to the well and back, nothing but hem, and clear his throat?

Mabel. Nothing in life.

Owen. Why, then, the man's a fool or a rogue.

Mabel. Oh, don't say that any way,—but there's my mother coming in from the field. How weak she walks—I must go in and bear her company spinning.

Owen. And I'll be in by the time I've settled all here. (*Exit* Mabel.)

Owen, *solus.*

Oh! I know how keenly Mabel feels all, tho' she speaks so mild.—Then I'm cut to the heart by this behaviour of Gilbert's;—sure he could not be so cruel to be jesting with her!—he's an Englishman, and may be he thinks no harm to jilt an Irishwoman.—But I'll shew him, —but then *if* he never asked her the question, how can we say any thing?—Oh! the thing is, he's a snug man, and money's at the bottom of all,—and since Christy's to have the new inn, and Miss Gallagher has the money!—Well, it's all over, and I don't know what will become of me.

Enter Mr. Andrew Hope.

Mr. H. My gude lad, may your name be Larken?

Owen. It is, Sir.—Owen Larken, at your service—the son of the widow Larken.

Mr. H. Then I have to thank your

family for their goodness to my poor brother, years ago.—And for yourself, your friend, Mr. Christy Gallagher, has been telling me you can play the bugle?

Owen. I can, Sir.

Mr. H. And we want a bugle, and the *pay's* fifteen guineas, and I'd sooner give it to you than three others that has applied, if you'll list.

Owen. Fifteen guineas!—Oh! if I could send that money home to my mother,—but I must ask her consent.—Sir, she lives convenient, just in this cabin here, would you be pleased to step in with me, and I'll ask her consent.

Mr. H. That's right, lead on, my douce lad, you ken the way. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V.

Kitchen of the Widow Larken's Cottage.

A Door is seen open, into an inner Room.

Mabel, *alone.*

(Sitting near the door of the inner room, spinning and singing.)*

Sleep, mother, sleep! in slumber blest,
It joys my heart to see thee rest.
Unfelt in sleep, thy load of sorrow,
Breathe free and thoughtless of to-morrow;
And long, and light, thy slumbers last,
In happy dreams forget the past.
Sleep, mother, sleep! thy slumber's blest,
It joys my heart to see thee rest.

Many's the night she wak'd for me,
To nurse my helpless infancy:
While cradled on her patient arm,
She hush'd me with the mother's charm.
Sleep, mother, sleep! thy slumber's blest,
It joys my heart to see thee rest.

And be it mine to sooth thy age,
With tender care thy grief assuage.

---

* This song is set to music by Mr. Webbe.

This hope is left to poorest poor,
And richest child can do no more.
Sleep, mother, sleep! thy slumber's blest,
It joys my heart to see thee rest.

(*While* Mabel *is singing the second stanza,* Owen *and* Andrew Hope *enter.* —*Mr.* Hope *stops short and listens*— *he makes a sign to* Owen *to stand still, and not to interrupt* Mabel—*while* Owen *approaches her on tiptoe.*)

Mr. H. (*Says aside.*) She taks my fancy back to dear Scotland, to my ane hame, and my ane mither, and my ane Kate.

Owen. So, Mabel! I thought you never sung for strangers?

(Mabel *turns and sees* Mr. Hope.—*She rises and curtsies.*)

Mr. H. (*Advancing softly.*) I fear to disturb the mother, whose slumbers are so blest, and I'd fain hear that lullaby again.—If the voice stop, the mother may miss it, and wake.

Mabel. (*Looking in to the room in which her mother sleeps, then closing the *door gently.*) No, Sir,—she'll not miss my voice now, I thank you, she is quite sound asleep.

Owen. This is Mr. Andrew Hope, Mabel—you might remember one of his name, a serjeant Hope.

Mabel. Ah! I mind! he that was sick with us, some time back.

Mr. H. Aye; my brother that's dead, and that your gude mither was so tender of, when sick, charged me to thank you all, and so from my soul, I do.

Mabel. 'Twas little my poor mother could do, nor any of us for him, even then, tho' we could do more then than we could now, and I'm glad he chanced to be with us in our better days.

Mr. H. And I'm sorry you ever fell upon worse days, for you deserve the best; and will have such again, I trust. —All I can say is this—that gif your brother here gangs with me, he shall find a brother's care through life, fra' me.

Owen. I wouldn't doubt you,—and that you know, Mabel, would be a great point, to have a friend secure in the regiment, if I thought of going.

Mabel. If?—[illegible] are you thinking of, Owen? What [illegible] ever talking of going?—(*[illegible] the door of her mother's room.*) Take care, but she'd wake and [illegible] you, and she'd never sleep easy again.

Owen. And do you think so?

Mabel. Do I think so?—Am not I sure of it? and you too, Owen, if you'd take time to think and feel.

Owen. Why, there's no doubt but it's hard, when the mother has reared the son, for him to quit her as soon as he can go alone.—But it is what I was thinking,—it is only the militia you know, and I'd not be going out of the three kingdoms, [illegible] at all; and I could be sending money [illegible] to my mother, like Johnny Reel did to his.

Mabel. Money is it?—Then there's no money you could send her—not the full of Lough Erne itself, in golden guineas, could make her amends for the loss of yourself, Owen, and you know that.

Mr. H. And I am not the man that would entice you to list, or gang with me, in contradiction to your duty at home, or your interest abroad.—So (*turning to* Mabel), do not look on me, as the tempter to evil, nor with distrust, as you do, kind sister, as you are, and like my own Kate.—But hear me *coolly*, and *without prejudice*, for it is his gude I wish.

Mabel. I am listening then, and I ask your pardon if I looked a doubt.

Mr. H. The gude mother must wish above all things here below, the weal and advancement, and the honor of her bairns; and she would not let the son be tied to her apron-strings, for any use or profit to herself, but ever wish him to do the best in life for his sel'.—Is not this truth, gude friends, plain truth?

Mabel. It is then,—I own that.—Truth and sense too.

Owen. Now, see there, Mabel.

Mr. H. And better for him to do something abroad, than digging at home; and in the army he might get on,—and here's the bugle-boy's pay.

Mabel. Is it a bugle-boy you are thinking of making him.

Mr. H. That's the only thing I could make him.—I wish I could offer better.

Mabel. Then, I thank you, Sir, and I wouldn't doubt *ye*—and *it* would be very well for a common *boy that could* only dig:—but my brother's no common boy, Sir.

Owen. Oh, Mabel!

Mabel. Hush, Owen! for it's the truth I'm telling, and if to your face, I can't help it. You may hide the face; but I won't hide the truth.

Mr. H. Then speak on, my warm-hearted lassy, speak on.

Mabel. Then, Sir, he got an edication while ever my poor father lived, and no better scholar, they said, for the teaching he got:—but all was given over when the father died, and the troubles came, and

Owen, as he ought, give himself up intirely for my mother, to help her, a widow. But it's not digging and slaving he is to be always:—it's with the head, as my father used to say, he'll make more than the hands; and we hope to get a clerk's place for him sometime, or there will be a schoolmaster wanting in this town, and that will be what he would be fit for, and *not*——but it's not civil, before you, a soldier, Sir, to say the rest.

Mr. H. Fear not, you will not give offence.

Mabel. And not to be spending his breath, blowing *through* a horn *all* his days, for the *sake* of wearing a fine red coat.—I beg your pardon again, Sir, if I say too much,—but it's to save my brother, and my mother.

Mr. H. I like you the better for all you've said for both.

Owen. And I'm off entirely.—I'll not list, I thank you, Sir.

(Mabel *clasps her hands joyfully, then embraces her brother.*)

Mr. H. And I'll not ask you to list,—and I would not have asked it at all;—but that a friend of yours told me it would be the greatest service I could do *you*, and that it was the thing of all others *you* wished.

Owen. That friend was Christy Gallagher,—but he was mistaken—that's all.

Mabel. I hope that's all.—But I've no dependance on him for a friend, nor has my mother.

Owen. Why, he was saying to me, and I could not say against it, that he had a right to propose for the Inn, if he could, tho' Gilbert and we wanted to get it.

Mabel. Then I wonder why Christy should be preferred rather than my mother.

Owen. Then that's a wonder,—and I can't understand how that was.

Mr. H. I have one more thing to say, or to do, which I should like better if you'll give me leave. If there's a difficulty aboot the rent of this new inn that you are talking of, I have a little spare money, and you're welcome to it;—I consider it as a debt of my brother's, which I am bound to pay—so no obligation in life,—tell me how much will do. (*Takes out his purse.*)

Owen and *Mabel.* You are very kind, you are very good.

Mr. H. No, I am not,—I am only just.—Say only how much will do.

Owen. Alas! money won't do now, Sir.—It's all settled, and Christy says he has a promise of it in writing from the *lady*.

Mr. H. May be this Christy might sell his interest, and we will see,—I will not say till I find I can do.—Fare ye weel till we meet, as I hope we shall, at the dance that's to be at the castle.—The band is to be there, and I with them, and I shall hope for this lassy's hand in the dance.

Mabel. (*Aside.*) And Gilbert that never asked me!—(*aloud.*) I thank you kindly, Sir, I shan't go to the dance at all-at-all, I believe,—my mother had better take her rest, and I must stay with her —a good night to you kindly. (*Exit* Mabel *into her mother's room.*)

Mr. H. This sister of yours would leave me no heart to carry back to Scotland, I fear, but that I'm a married man already, and have my own *luve,*—a Kate of my own, that's as fair as she, and as gude, and that's saying much.

Owen. (*Aside.*) Much more than Florinda Gallagher will like to hear.

Mr. H. I shall thank you if you will teach me, for my Kate, the words of that song your sister was singing when we came in.

Owen. I believe it's to flatter me, you say this, for that song is my writing.

Mr. H. Yours?

Owen. Mine, such as it is.

Mr. H. Sic a 'an as you are then, I'm glad you are not to be a bugle-boy,—Your sister is right.

Owen. I'll teach you the words as we go along.

Mr. H. Do so;—but mind now this song-writing do not lead you to idleness. We must see to turn your edication to good account.—(*Aside.*) Oh I will never rest till I pay my brother's debt, some way or other, to this gude family.

(*Exeunt.*)

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Christy, alone.

So this Scotchman could not list Owen. —*Couldn't* nor *wouldn't*, that's what he says.—And the Scotchman looked very hard at me as he spoke;—moreover I seen Mr. Gilbert and him with their two heads close together, and that's a wonder, for I know Gilbert's not nat'rally fond of any sort of Scotchman.—There's something brewing,—I must have my wits about me, and see and keep sober this night, if I can, any way.—From the first I suspicted Mr. Gilbert had his heart on Mabel.—(Biddy Doyle *puts her head* *in.*) Biddy Doyle! What the mischief does that head of yours do there?

Biddy. Nothing in life, Sir.—Only just to see who was in it, along with yourself, because I thought I hard talking enough for two.

Christy. You, girl, have curiosity enough for two, and two dozen, and too much!—So plase take your head and yourself out of *that*, and don't be overharing my private thoughts, for that was all the talking ye hard, and *my* thoughts can't abide listeners.

Biddy. I'm no listener.—I ax your pardon, Sir.—I scorn to listen to your thoughts, or your words even.

(*Exit* Biddy.)

Christy. That girl has set me topsy-turvy.—Where was I?—Oh! this was it. —Suppose even, I say, suppose this Gilbert's *fancy* should stick to Mabel, I might manage him, nevertheless.—I've a great advantage and prerogative over this Englishman, in his having never been dipped in the Shannon.—He is so *under* *cow*, with bashfulness now, that I don't doubt, but what in one of his confusions, I could asy bring him to say Yes, in the wrong place.—And sooner than come to a perplexing refusal of a young lady, he might, I'll engage be brought about to marry the girl he didn't like, in lieu of the girl he did.—We shall see,——but hark! I hear Ferrinafad's voice, singing, and *I* must *join*, and see how the thing's going on, or going off. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

Miss Gallagher *and* Gilbert *at a Tea-Table.*

Gilb. (*Aside.*) Now would I give five golden guineas this minute, that her father or any mortal man, woman, or child in the varsal world, would come in and say something; for 'tis so awk'ard for I to be sitting here, and I nothing to say to she.

Miss G. (*Aside.*) When will the man pay me the compliment to speak, I wonder,—would'n't any body think he'd no tongue in that mouth of his, screwed up! and blushing from ear to ear.

Enter Christy.

Christy. Hoo! hoo! hoo!—How's this,—both of yees mute as fishes the moment I come in?—Why, I heard you just now when my back was turned, singing like turtle-doves,—didn't I, Florry?

Miss G. Indeed, Sir, as to turtle-doves, I'm not sinsible.—But Mr. Gilbert requisted of me to be favoring him with a song, which I was complying with, tho' I'm not used to be singing without my piano.

Christy. (*Aside.*) Sorrow take your piano, you're not come there yet.

Miss G. I wonder the drum-major isn't come yet.—Does he expect tea can be keeping hot for him to the end of time.—He'll have nothing but slop-dash, tho' he's a very genteel man.—I'm partial to the military school, I own, and a Highlander too is always my white-headed boy.

Gilb. (*Astonished.*) Her white-headed boy?—Now if I was to be hanged for it, I don't know what that means.

Miss G. Now where can you have lived, Mr. Gilbert, not to know *that?*

Christy. (*Aside.*) By the mass, he's such a matter-o'-fact-man, I can't get round him with all my wit.

Miss G. Here's the drum-major.—Scarlet's asy seen at a distance,—that's one comfort.

Enter Mr. Hope.

Mr. H. I'm late, Miss Florinda, I fear, for the tea-table—but I had a wee-wee bit of business to do for a young friend, that kept me.

Miss G. No matter, major.—My tapot defies you.—Take a cup a tea. Are you fond of music, major?

Mr. H. Very fond of music, Ma'am.—do you sing or play

Miss G. I do play—I plead guilty to that, I own. But in this hole that we are in, there's no room fitting for my piano.—However, in the new inn which we have got now, I'll fix my piano elegant in the back parlor.

Mr. H. In the mean time, Miss Florinda, will you favor us with a song?

Christy. And I'll be making the punch, for I'm no songstress.—Biddy! Biddy *Doyle!*—*hot water in a jerry.*

Miss G. Indeed I'm not used to sing without my piano—but to oblige the major—*I sing by note.*

Miss Gallagher *sings.*

Softly breathing through the heart,
  When lovers meet no more to part;
That purity of soul be mine,
  Which speaks in music's sound divine.

'Midst trees and streams of constant love,
  That's whisper'd by the turtle-dove;
Sweet cooing cushat all my pray'r,
  Is love in elegance to share.

Mr. H. That's what I call fine, now! Very fine that. (Gilbert *nods.*)

Miss G. (*Aside.*) Look at that Englishman now, that hasn't a word of compliment to throw to a dog, but only a nod. (*Aloud.*) 'Tis the military that has always the souls for music, and for the ladies—and I think, gentlemen, I may step for'ard, and say I'm entitled to call upon you now.—Mr. Gilbert, if you've ever a love-song in your composition.

Gilb. Love-song I can't say, Ma'am,—but such as I have. I'm no great hand at composition.—But I have one song, they call it, *My choice of a wife.*

Miss G. Pray let's have it, Sir.

Christy. Now for it, by Jabus.

Mr. H. Give it us, Mr. Gilbert.

Enter Biddy *with hot water, and exit.*

Gilbert *sings.*

There's none but a fool will wed on a sudden,
Or take a fine miss that can't make a pudding;
If he get such a wife, what would a man gain, O?
But a few ballad tunes on a wretched piano.

Some ladies than peacocks are twenty times prouder,
Some ladies than thunder are twenty times louder;
But I'll have a wife that's obliging and civil,
For me, your fine ladies may go to the devil.

Miss G. (*Tossing back her head.*) Sir, I comprehend your song, coarse as it is, and its moral to boot, and I humbly thank ye, Sir. (*She curtsies low.*) And if I live a hundred year, and ninety-nine to the back of that, Sir, I will remember it to you, Sir.

Christy. (*Leaving the punch which he had been making, comes forward with a lemon in his hand.*) Wheugh! wheugh! wheugh! Ferrinafad!

Gilb. (*Aside.*) Ferrinafad!—the man's mad!

Miss G. Father, go your ways back to your punch. Here stands the only *raal* gentleman in company, *(pointing to the drum-major)* if I'm to make the election.

Christy. Major, you can't but drink her health for that compliment. (*He presents a glass of punch to Mr.* Hope.)

Mr. H. Miss Gallagher's health, and a gude husband to her, and *soon.*

Miss G. And soon?—no hurry for them that has choice.

Christy. That has money, you mean, jewel.—Mr. Gilbert, you did not give us your toast.

Gilb. Your good health, Ma'am—your good health, Sir—Mr. Hope, your good health, and your fire-side in Scotland, and in pa'tic'lar your good wife.

Miss G. (*Starting.*) Your wife, Sir?—Why, Sir, is't possible you're a married man, after all?

Mr. H. Very possible, Ma'am.—Thank heaven, and my gude Kate.

Miss G. *His gude Kate!*—Well, I hate the Scotch accent of all languages under the sun.

Christy. In a married man, I suppose you *mâne,* Florry.

Miss G. This is the way with officers continually!—passing themselves for bachelors.

Christy. Then, Florry, we'd best recommend it to the drum-major the next town he'd go into, to put up an advertisement in capitals on his cap, warning all women whom it may concern, that he is a married man.

Miss G. 'Tis no concern of mine, I'll assure you, Sir, at any rate, for I should scorn to think of a Scotchman any way. —And what's a drum-major, after all?

(Exit in a passion.)

Christy. Bo boo! bo boo! bo boo!— There's a tantarara now, but never mind her, she takes them tantarums by turns. Now depend upon it, Mr. Gilbert, it's love that's at the bottom of it all, clane and clear.

Gilb. It's very like, Sir—I can't say.

Christy. Oh, but I *can* say.—I know her, egg and bird. The thing is, she's mad with you, and that has set her all thro' other.—But we'll finish our tumbler of punch. (*Draws forward the table, and sets chairs.*)

Gilb. (*Aside.*) Egg and bird!—mad! All through other!—Confound me, if I understand one word the man is saying; but I will make him understand me, if he can understand plain English.

Mr. H. (*Aside.*) I'll stand by and see fair play.—I have my own thought.

Gilb. Now, Mr.——, to be plain with you at once—here's fifty guineas in gold, and if you will take them, and give me up the promise you have got of the new inn, you shall be welcome.—That's all I have to say, if I was to talk till Christmas—and fewest words is best in matters of business.

Christy. *Fifty guineas in gold!*—Don't part with a guinea of them, man.—Put 'em up again. You shall have the new inn without a word more, and *into* the bargain, my good will and my daughter—and you're a jantleman, and can't say *no* to that, any way.

Gilb. Yes, but I can tho'—*since* you drive me to the wall, I must say no, and I do say no. And, dang it, I would have been hanged almost as soon as say so much to a father.—I beg your pardon, Sir, but my heart is given to another.—Good evening to you.

Christy. (*Holding him as he attempts to go.*) Take it coolly, and listen to me, and tell me—was you ever married before, Mr. Gilbert?

Gilb. Never.

Christy. Then I was—and I can tell you that I found to my cost, love was all in all with me before I was married, and after I had been married a twel'month, money was all in all with me; for I had the wife, and I had not the money, and without the money, the wife must have starved.

Gilb. But I can work, Sir, and will, head, hands, and heart for the woman I love.

Christy. Asy said—hard done. Mabel Larken is a very pretty girl.—But wait till I tell you what Kit Monaghan said to me yesterday. I'm going to be married, Sir, says he to me.—Aye, so you mintioned to me a fortnight ago, Kit, says I—to Rose Dermod, isn't it? says I.

Not at all, Sir, says he—it is to Peggy M'Grath, this time.—And what quarrel had you to Rose Dermod? says I—None in life, Sir, says he; but Peggy M'Grath had two cows, and Rose Dermod *had* but the one, and in my mind there is not the differ of a cow betwix' one woman and another. Do you understand me now, Mr. Gilbert?

Gilb. Sir, we shall never understand one another—pray *let* me go, *before* I get into a passion.

(*Breaks from* Christy, *and exit.*)

Christy. Hollo! Hollo! *Mr. Gilbert!* (*Mr.* Gilbert *returns*) one word more about the new inn—I've done about Florry, and upon my conscience, I believe he's right enough.—Only that I'm her father, and in duty bound to push *her* as well as I can.

Gilb. Well Sir, about the inn—Be at a word with me—for I'm not in a humour to be trifled with.

Mr. H. (*Aside.*) Fire beneath snow, who'd ha' thought it.

Christy. Then, if it was sixty guineas, instead of fifty, I'd take it, and you should have my bargain of the inn.

Mr. H. (*Aside.*) I'll not say my word until I see what the bottom of the men are.

Gilb. (*Aside.*) Why to make up sixty, I must sell my watch even; but I'll do it. Any thing to please Mabel.—(*Aloud.*) Well, sixty guineas, if you won't give it for less.

Christy. Done. (*Eagerly.*)

Mr. H. Stay! stay! Mr. Gilbert, —Have a care, Mr. Gallagher! — The lady might not be well pleased at your handing over her written promise, Mr. Gallagher. — Wait a wee bit. — Don't conclude this bargain till you are before the lady at the castle.

Gilb. So best—no doubt.

Christy. All one to me—so I pocket the sixty.

Mr. H. (*Aside to* Gilbert.) Come off.

Gilb. We shall meet then at the castle to night—till then, a good day to you, Mr. Gallagher.

(*Exeunt* Gilbert *and Mr.* Hope.)

Christy. Good night to ye kindly, gentlemen—There's a fool to love for you now! If I'd ax'd a hundred, I'd ha' got it.—But still there's only one thing, Ferrinafad will go mad when she learns I've sold the new inn, and she to live on in this hole, and no place for the piano. —I hope Biddy did not hear a sentence of it. (*Calls.*) Biddy! Biddy Doyle! Biddy, can't ye? (*Enter* Biddy.)

Biddy. What is it?

Christy. Did you hear any thing.—Oh, I see ye did by your eyes.—Now hark'ee, my good girl. Don't mention a sentence to Ferrinafad of my settling the new inn, till the bargain 's complate, and money in both pockets—you hear.

Biddy. I do, Sir. But I did not hear afore.

Christy. Becaase—see though she's my daughter, she's crass—I'll empty my mind to you, Biddy.

Biddy. (*Aside.*) He has taken enough to like to be talking to poor Biddy.

Christy. Afore Florry was set up on her high horse by that little independency her doating grandmother left her, and until she got her head turned with that Ferrinafad edication, this Florry was a good girl enough.—But now what is she?—Given over to vanities of all sorts, and no comfort in life to me, or use at all —*not like a daughter at all, nor mistress* of the house neither, nor likely to be well-married neither, or a credit to me *that way*!—And saucy to me on account of that money of hers in liquidated unknown'st.

Biddy. True for ye, Sir.

Christy. Then it all comes from the little fingers getting to be the master of me.—For I'm confident that when sober, I was not born to be a rogue nat'rally—Was not *I honest* Christy once—(*ready to cry*).—Oh I'm a great penitent! But there's no help for it now.

Biddy. True for you, Sir.

Christy. I'm an unfortunate cratur, and all the neighbours know it.—So, Biddy dear, I've nothing for it but to take another glass.

Biddy. Oh no, Sir, not when you'll be going up to the castle to the lady—you'll be in no condition.

Christy. Tut girl—'twill give me heart Let's be merry any way. *(Exit, singing.)*

" They say it was care kill'd the cat,
" That starv'd her, *and caus'd her to die;*
" But I'll be much wiser than that,
" For the devil a care will care I."

SCENE III.

Widow Larken's Cottage.

Widow Larken, Mabel, *and* Gilbert.

Gilb. And could you doubt me, Mabel, after I told you I loved you?—

Mabel Never would nor could have

doubted, had you [illegible] told me as much, Mr. Gilbert.

Widow. There was the thing, Mr. Gilbert,—you know it was you that was to speak, if you thought of her.

Gilb. Do not you remember the rose and the shamrock?

Widow. Oh, she does well enough, and that's what her heart was living upon, till I killed the hope.

Gilb. You!—*killed* the hope!—I thought you were my friend.

Widow. And so I am, and was,—but when you did not speak.

Gilb. If I had not loved her so well, I might have been able, perhaps, to have said more.

Widow. Then that's enough.—Mabel mavourneen wear the rose he [illegible] you now.—I'll let you—and [illegible] it's fresh enough.—She put it in water—oh! she had hope still!

Mabel. And was not I right to trust him, mother?

Gilb. Mabel, if I don't do my best

to make you happy all my days, I deserve to be——that's all!—but I'm going to tell you about the new inn.—That's what I have been about ever since, and I'm to have it for sixty guineas.

Enter Owen, *rubbing his hands.*

Owen. You see, mother, I was right about Gilbert and Mabel.—But Mr. Hope and the band is gone up to the castle.—Come, come!—*time to be off!*—no delay!—Gilbert, Mabel, off with you.—(*He pushes them off.*) And glad enough ye are to go together.—Mother, dear, here's your bonnet and the cloak,—here, round ye throw!—That's it, take my arm!—(*Widow stumbles as he pulls her on.*) Oh, I'm putting you past your speed, mother.

Widow. No, no.—No fear in life for the mother that has the support of such a son.

SCENE IV.

A large apartment in Bannow-Castle, ornamented with the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock.—The hall opens into a lawn, where the country-people are seen dancing.

Enter Clara, *Sir* William Hamden, *and a train of dancers.*

Clara. Now, Sir, as we have here English, Scotch, and Irish dancers, we can have the English country-dance, the Scotch reel, and the Irish jig.

Sir W. Then to begin with the Irish jig, which I have never seen.

Clara. You shall see it in perfection.

(*An Irish jig is danced, a Scotch reel follows, and an English country-dance. When* Clara *has danced down* the country-dance, she goes with her partner to Sir* William Hamden.)

Clara. We are going out to look at the dancers on the lawn.

Sir W. Take me with you, for I wish to see those merry dancers,—I hear them laughing.—I love to hear the country-people laugh.—Their's is always "*the heart's laugh.*" (*Exeunt Sir* William *and* Clara.)

(*The dancers recommence, and after dancing for a few minutes, they go off just as Sir* William *and* Clara *return, entering from the hall-door.*)

Clara. My dear uncle, thank you for going out among these poor people, and for speaking so kindly to them. One would think that you had lived in Ireland all your life, you know so well how to go *straight* to Irish heads and Irish hearts by kindness, and by what they love almost as well, *humour*, and good humour.—Thank you again, and again.

Sir W. My dear niece, you need not thank me, for if you had nothing to do with these people,—if you had never been born, I should have loved the Irish for their own sakes.—How easy it is to please them.—How easy to make them happy, and how grateful they are, even for a few words of kindness.

Clara. Yes.—This I may say without partiality;—whatever other faults my countrymen have, they certainly are a grateful people!—My father, who knew them well, taught me, from my childhood, to trust to Irish gratitude.

Sir W. (*Changing his tone.*) But on the other *hand, it is* my duty to watch over your Irish generosity, Clara.—Have you made any more promises, child, since morning?

Clara. Oh, no. Sir! and I have heartily repented of that which I made this morning.—For I find that this man to whom I have promised the new inn, is a sad drunken good-for-nothing person; and as for his daughter, whom I have never yet seen——

Sir W. (*Looking towards the entrance from the lawn.*)

"But who is this? What thing of sea or land?
"Female of sex it seems—

" That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
" Comes this way sailing.

Enter Miss Gallagher.

Miss G. Sir, I beg pardon.—But I was told Miss O'Hara would wish to speak with Christy Gallagher, and I'm his daughter,—he not being very well to night.—He will be up with Miss in the morning,—but is confined to his bed with a pain about his heart, he took, just when I was coming away.

(Christy*'s voice heard, singing to the tune of* " St. Patrick's day in the morning.")

" Full bumpers of whiskey
" Will make us all frisky,
" On Patrick's day in the morning."

Miss G. (*Aside.*) Oh ! King of glory, if he is not come up after all.

Clara. " What noise is that, unlike the former sound?"

Sir W. Only some man, singing in honor of St. Patrick, I suppose.

Enter Christy Gallagher,—Biddy *trying to hold him back.*

Christy. Tut! let me in, I know the

lady is here, and I must thank her as becoming——

(Clara *puts her hands before her face, and retires as he advances.*)

Miss G. Oh! father, keep out.—You're not in a condition.

Sir W. John! Thomas!—carry this man off.

Christy. Ah, now, just let me remark to his honour.—Did he ever hear this song in England?—(*He struggles, and sings while they are carrying him off.*)

" O'Rourke's noble feast shall ne'er be forgot,
" By those who were there, and by those who were not."

But it was not O'Rourke's noble feast at all, it was O'Hara's noble feast, to the best of my knowledge—I'll take my affidavit,—and am not *I* here, on the spot, ready and proud to fight any one that denies the contrary.—Let me alone, Florry, for I'm no babby to be taken out of the room.—Ready and proud, I say I am, to ~~fight~~ any tin men in the county, or the kingdom itself, or the three kingdoms entirely, that would go for—to dare for to offer—to articulate the contrary.—So it's Miss O'Hara for ever, huzza! a! a! a! a!

Sir W. Carry him off this instant.—Begone!

(*The servants carry off* Christy Gallagher, *while he sings to the tune of* "One bottle more.")

"Oh, give me but whiskey, continted I'll sing,
"Hibernia for ever, and God save the King!"

(*Miss* Gallagher *directs, and expedites her father's retreat.*)

Clara. Shame! shame!—Is this the tenant I have chosen?

Miss G. Indeed, and indeed, then, Miss O'Hara, I often preach to him, but there's no use in life, preaching to him,—as good preaching to the winds!—for, drunk or sober, he has an answer ready at all points.—It is not wit he wants, Sir.

Sir W. And he is happy in having [illegible] daughter, who knows how to make [illegible] best of his faults, I see.—What an excellent landlord he will be for this new inn!

Miss G. Oh, certainly, Sir,—only it's being St. Patrick's night, he would be more inexcusable; and as to the new inn, please heaven, he shall get no pace on earth till he takes an oath afore the priest against spirits, good or bad, for a twilmonth to come, before ever I trust a foot of his in the new inn.

Clara. But, Ma'am, from your own appearance, I should apprehend that you would not be suited to the business yourself.—I should suppose you would think it beneath *you* to keep an inn.

Miss G. Why, Ma'am—why, Sir, you know when it is called an hotel, it's another thing,—and I'm sure I've a great regard for the family, and there's nothing I wouldn't do to oblige Miss O'Hara.

Clara. Miss Gallagher, let me beg that if you wish to oblige me——

Enter Gilbert.

Sir W. Well, Gilbert?

Gilb. Only, Sir, if you and Miss O'Hara were at leisure, Sir,—one Mr. Andrew Hope, the master of the band, would wish to be allowed to come in to sing a sort of a welcome home, they have set to music, Sir, for Miss O'Hara.

Clara. I do believe this is the very song which that drunken man gave me this morning, and for which I gave him the promise of the inn.—I shall be ashamed to hear the song.

Sir W. Let *me* hear it at all events.—Desire Mr. Andrew Hope, and his merry-men-all, to walk in. (*Exit* Gilbert.)

Enter Mr. Hope *and band.—Some of the country-people peep in, as if wishing to enter.*

Sir W. Come in, my good friends.

Enter among others, the Widow Larken *and* Mabel, *and* Owen.—Biddy *follows timidly.—Miss* Gallagher *takes a conspicuous place.—Sir* William *and* Clara *continue speaking.*

Sir W. Did Gilbert introduce his bride elect to you, Clara?

Clara. Yes.—Mabel Larken, that girl with the sweet modest countenance,—

and her mother, that respectable looking woman: and her brother, I see is here, that boy with the quick, intelligent eyes. I know all the family,—know them all to be good,—and these were the people I might have served.—Oh, fool! fool!

Sir W. Well! well! well!—'Tis over now, my dear Clara, you will be wiser another time.—Come, Mr. Hope, give us a little flattery, to put us in good humour with ourselves.

(*The band prelude; but just as they begin, Sir* William *sees* Christy, *who is coming in softly, holding back the skirts of his coat.—Sir* William *in a loud voice exclaims.*)

Sir W. Turn out that man!—How dare you return to interrupt us, Sir?—Turn out that man!

Christy. (*Falling on his knees.*) Oh! please your honor, I beg your pardon for one minute;—only just give me lave to *insense** your honor's honor.—I'm not the same man at all.

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* *Insense,*—to put sense into a person.

Sir W. Stand up, stand up,—an Englishman cannot bear to see a man kneel to him.—Stand up, pray, if you can.

Christy. Then I can, plase your honor, (*rises*) since I got a *shock*.

Clara. What shock!—What do you mean?

Christy. Oh, nothing in life, Miss, that need consarn you,—only a fall I got from my horse, which the child they set to lead me, would put me up upon, and it come down and kilt me; for it was'n't a proper horse for an unfortunate man like me, that was overtaken, as I was then,—and it's well, but I got a kick of the baast.

Sir W. Do you say you were kicked by a horse?

Christy. Not at all, plase your honor.—I say *it was well but* I got a kick of the baast.—But it's all for the best now—for, see I'm now as sober as a jidge, and *quite** as any lamb; and if I'd get lave only just to keep in this here corner,

---

* Quiet.

I would be no let or hindrance to any.—Oh dear, Miss, speak for me;—I'm an ould man, Miss, that your father's honor was partial to always, and called me *honest* Christy, which I was once, and till his death too.

Sir W. What a strange mixture is this man.

Clara. Pray let him stay, uncle—he's sober now.

Sir W. Say not one word more then, stand still there in your corner.

Christy. And not a word for my life,—not breathe, even—to please you! becaase I've a little business to mintion to the lady.—Sixty guineas to resave from Mr. Gilbert, yonder. Long life to you, Miss,—but I'll say no more till this Scotchman has done with his fiddle and his musics.

Sir W. I thought, Sir, you were not to have spoken another syllable.

(Christy *puts his finger on his lips, and bows to Sir* William *and to* Clara.)

Sir W. Now, Mr. Hope.

Mr. Hope *sings, and the Band join in chorus.*

Though Bannow's heiress, fair and young,
Hears polished praise from ev'ry tongue;
Yet good and kind, she'll not disdain
The tribute of the lowly swain.
The heart's warm welcome, Clara, meets thee;
Thy native land, dear lady, greets thee.

That open brow, that courteous grace,
Bespeaks thee of thy generous race;
Thy father's soul is in thy smile,
Thrice blest his name in Erin's isle.
The heart's warm welcome, Clara, meets thee;
Thy native land, dear lady, greets thee.

The bright star shining on the night,
Betokening good, spreads quick delight;
But quicker far, more glad surprise,
Wakes the kind radiance of her eyes.
The heart's warm welcome, Clara, meets thee;
Thy native land, dear lady, greets thee.*

Christy. Then I'm not ashamed, any way, of that song of mine.

Sir W. Of yours?—Is it possible that it is yours?

---

* Set to music by Mr. Webbe.

Clara. It is indeed.—These are the very lines he gave me this morning.

Christy. And I humbly thank you, Madam or Miss, for having got them set to the musics.

Clara. I had nothing to do with that. We must thank Mr. Hope for this agreeable surprise.

Christy. Why then, I tank you, Mr. Drum.

Mr. H. You owe me no thanks, Sir. —I will take none from you.

Christy. No—for I didn't remember giving you the copy.—I suppose Florry did.

Miss G. Not I, Sir.

Christy. Or the schoolmaster's foul copy may be, for it was he was putting the song down for me on paper.—My own hand-writing shaking so bad, I could not make a fair copy fit for the lady.

Mr. H. Mr. Gallagher, don't plunge farther in falsehood—you know the truth is, that song's not yours.

Christy. Why then, by all —

Mr. H. Stop, stop, Mr. Gallagher— Stop, I advise you.

Christy. Why then, I won't stop at any thing—for the song's my own.

Mr. H. In one sense of the word, may be, it may be called your own, Sir, for you bought it, I know.

Christy. I bought it?—Oh, who put that in your Scotch brains.—Whoever it was, was a big liar.

Biddy. No liar at all, Sir—I axe your pardon—'Twas I.

Christy. And you overheard my thoughts then, talking to myself—ye traitor!

Biddy. No, Sir—again I ax your pardon.—No listener, Biddy Doyle. But I was at the schoolmaster's, to get him pen a letter for me to my poor father, and there with him I heard how Christy bought the song, and seen the first copy —and the child of the house told me all about it, and how it was lift there by Mr. Owen Larken.

Sir W. and Clara. (*Joyfully.*) Owen Larken!—you?

Christy. All lies—asy talk—asy talk—asy to belie a poor man.

Mr. H. If you tell the truth, you can tell us the next verse, for there's another which we did not yet sing.

Christy. Not in my copy, which is the original.

Sir W. If you have another verse, let us hear it—and that will decide the business..

Christy. Oh, the devil another line, but what's lame, I'll engage—and forged, as you'll see.

Mr. Hope *sings.*

Quick spring the feelings of the heart,
When touched by Clara's gen'rous art;
Quick as the grateful shamrock springs,
In the good fairies' favored rings.

Clara. What does Christy say now?

Christy. Why, Miss, I say that's well said for the shamrock any way.—And all that's in it for me is this—the schoolmaster was a rogue, that did not give me that verse in for my money.

Sir W. Then you acknowledge you bought it.

Christy. What harm, plase your *honor.* And would not I have a right to buy what plases me,—and when bought and ped for, isn't it mine in law and right? But I am mighty unlucky this night.—So, come along, Florry—we are worsted, see!—No use to be *standing here longer,* the laughing-stock of all that's in it—Ferrinafad.

Miss G. Murder!—*Father, then here's* all you done for me, by your lies and your whiskey. I'll go straight from ye, and lodge with Mrs. Mulrooney.—Biddy, what's that you're grinning at?—Please to walk home out of that.

Biddy. Miss Florinda, I am partly engaged to dance.—But I won't be laving you in your downfal.—So here's your cloak,—and lane on me.

Widow. Why then, Biddy, we'll never forget you in our prosperity.

Mabel and Owen. Never, never.—You're a good girl, Biddy.

(*Exeunt Miss* Gallagher, Biddy, *and* Christy.)

Clara. I am glad they are gone.

Sir W. I congratulate you, my dear niece, upon having got rid of tenants who would have disgraced your choice.

Clara. These (*turning to* Owen, Mabel, *and her mother*) these will do honor to it. My written *promise was to grant the poet's petition.*—Owen, you are *the poet* —what is your petition?

Owen. May I speak?—May I say all I wish?

Clara and Sir W. Yes, speak—say all you wish.

Owen. I am but a young boy, and not able to keep the new inn—but Mr. Gilbert and Mabel, with my mother's help, would keep it well, I think;—and it's they I should wish to have it, Ma'am, if it were pleasing to you.

Sir W. And what would become of yourself, my good lad?

Owen. Time enough, Sir, to think of myself, when I've seen my mother and sister settled.

Sir W. Then as you won't think of yourself, I must think for you.—Your education I find has been well begun, and I will take care it shall not be left half done.

Widow. Oh, I'm too happy this minute!—But great joy can say little.

Mabel. (*Aside.*) And great love the same.

Mr. H. This day is the happiest I have seen since I left the land of cakes.

Gilb. Thank you, Mr. Hope.—And when I say thank you—why I feel it.—'Twas you who helped us at the dead lift.

Sir W. You see I was right, Gilbert. The Scotch make good friends. (Gilbert *bows.*) And now, Clara, my love, what shall we call the new inn?—for it must have a name.—Since English, Scotch, and Irish have united to obtain it, let the sign be, the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock.

Clark. And, may they always be happily united!

THE END.

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